

TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

July 1987

Volume 2, Number 7

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Palm Springs, Arizona

We wanted Silicon Valley. But resort builders figured out it was easier to sell a pricey tan.

Heartbreak: A Diary

Here in the heart-transplant capital, not all the stories are success stories.

Javelina Heaven—or Hell?

It may be good business to save space for wildlife, but the pigs give mixed reviews.

☐ Babysitting Titan

It got boring in the missile silo, waiting to end the world.

☐ Dear Byrd Baylor...

When you're an arthur, you get funny complaints from kids.

☐ Is it Over Yet?

Which is more exciting: Beverly Hills Cop II, or all the guys running for mayor? Don't hurt your head.



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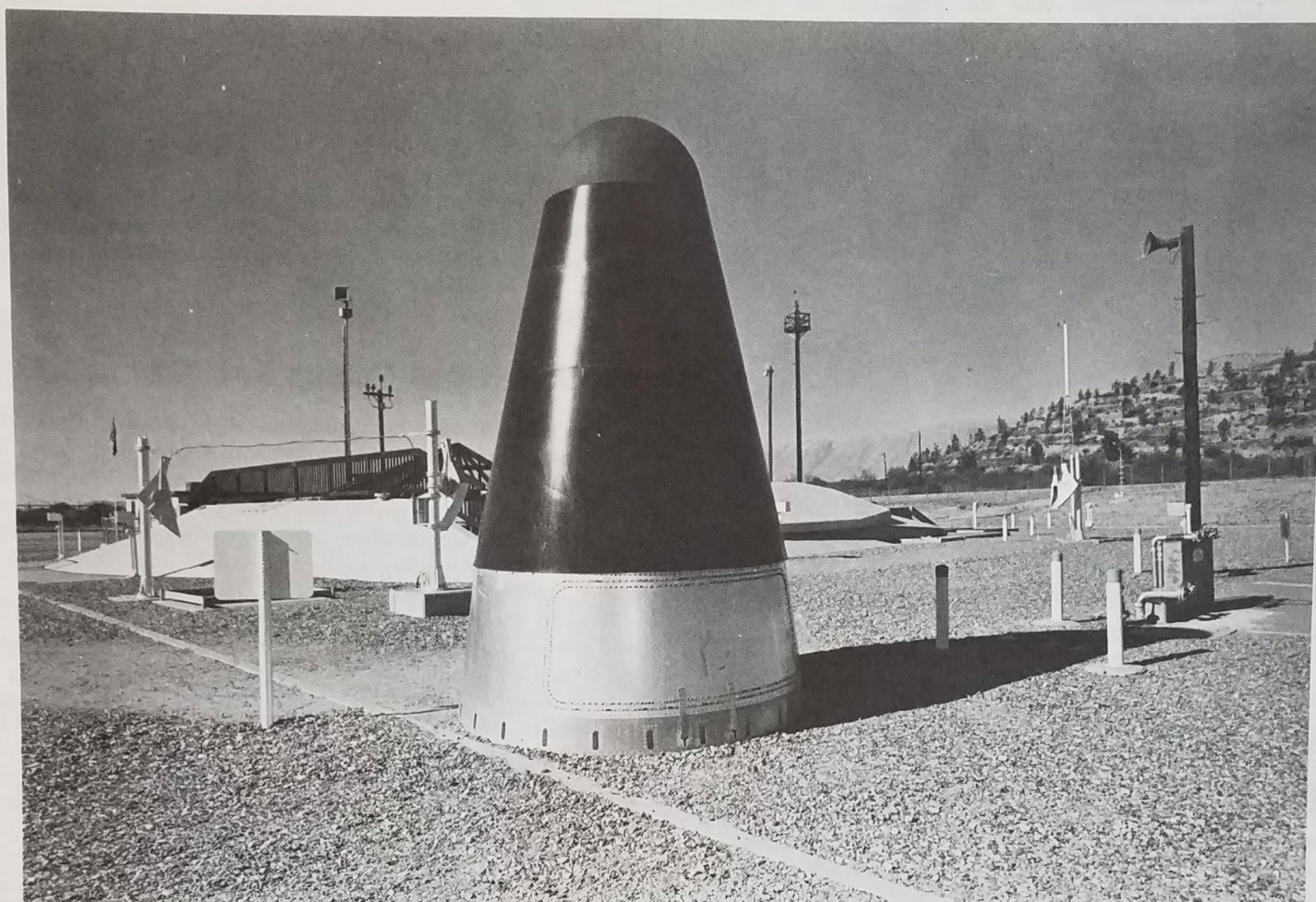
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The payload section of a Titan missile on view at the Titan Missile Museum in Green Valley.

Scott Garber

FEATURES

24 Palm Springs, Arizona

While we were warming up to become the new Silicon Valley, the big resorts changed the game.

By Laura Greenberg.

32 Babysitting Titan

Frankly, it was boring stuck inside a missile silo waiting to end the world.

By Vern Lamplot.

36 Javelina Heaven—or Hell?

Now it's good business to save space for wild pigs, birds and bunnies.

By Patric Hedlund.

41 Heartbreak

Here in the heart transplant capital, not all stories are success stories.

By Don Green.

45 Transplant #62

A doctor who got a new heart walks us through two years on the other side.

47 Communes of the New West

Farmers along the road to Rocky Point still have some problems to weed out.

By Robert Kahn.

DEPARTMENTS

4 Letters

Byrd ruffles some feathers. Yodeling at the Chicken Shack. Kid Good.

8 Where to Howl

Guide to good times. Food and drink, music, theater, art and other things.

19 Desert Notes

A local President Ford? Is the mayor's race over yet? Check out this Czech.

51 Straight Shots

Texas Canyon rocks our minds. Cy Lehrer records the mysterious boulders.

56 Local Custom

Toad-stranglers and other hot items for summer in Tucson. By Jim Griffith.

62 One of Us

Karen Radcliffe. She works in a factory, but her passion is saving wild animals.

COLUMNS

9 July

The smell and feel of a July rain are hard things to forget when you try to leave.

By Nils Nelson.

58 Byrd

Dear Arthur...Heck, anyone can start a day. But how do you stop one?

By Byrd Baylor.

60 Books

In Canyon Sketchbook by Carol Brown, we learn what it is to treat a landscape like a lover. By Marjorie Duffield.

61 City Streets

A Conversation with the future—A big Phoenix developer sees gold in Tucson.

By Charles Bowden.

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LETTERS

Keep It Coming Hard and Fast

A big thanks to you all for such an entertaining and informative magazine. Thanks for giving us something meaty to chew on—your first issue with the story on the transportation plan, your Catalina State Park article, and your Bejarano story. I hope there will never be a story you'd be afraid to take on, when the people of Tucson have a need to know. Without your magazine, I never would have realized how precarious a position we're in with regards to Catalina State Park. Keep it coming *City Magazine*, hard and fast, no holds barred.

Gayle Castañeda

Why Does it Cost More to Save Than to Kill?

I was very disturbed by reading the article "Busted," under the heading Red Tape, by Byrd Baylor. One could hope it was exaggerated, but knowing Byrd Baylor's reputation for integrity, it would seem to be totally factual.

I have always been a strong supporter of the Arizona Game and Fish Department, and we contribute annually to the fund for nongame animals. My husband has a hunting license and so did I until recently. In this reported matter, however, I am not proud of the Department's actions.

It is very true that there must be regulation of the taking and holding of wild animals, but it is also true that our society permits exceptions to rules and laws when feasible, and according to circumstances.

Some of us have federal and state permits for banding, salvage, and in a few cases, rehabilitation. For this privilege we pay to Game and Fish an annual fee of \$25. We are not permitted to hold, even overnight, a bird we band, and any salvaged specimens must be, within the year, turned over to a museum or university collection. In addition, we must keep careful records of all wildlife handled, including salvaged specimens, to be submitted annually.

In contrast, for a smaller annual fee (\$15?), a hunter or fisherman may kill wildlife and consume it, or have trophies. I do not begrudge, in any way, the \$25 I pay to band and salvage, as I consider it in part a contribution to the work of the Game and Fish Department. But I do feel an inequity in the situation.

Sally Hoyt Spofford, Ph.D.

Law Needs Changing

Byrd Baylor's and Tony Stanley's experience with Game and Fish isn't the first time I've marveled at the zeal with which these folks enforce the law against keeping a wild creature without a permit when hunters get away with leaving wounded animals to die and when a female javelina, shot at any time of year, may leave helpless babies.

There's something skewed in a system that allows hunting and then treats like criminals people who try to aid the victims. There should be some less costly and onerous way for a compassionate person like Tony to help an orphaned or wounded animal.

Perhaps a temporary permit could be given, gratis, by the local game warden on a case-by-case basis. Clearly, wildlife should be protected from seizure and imprisonment (except, of course, when Game and Fish sells a license to trap or kill), but it is outrageous for a person who's trying to save an orphaned or maimed animal to be arrested and manhandled.

This law needs changing. What are you supposed to do if you find a wounded or motherless animal? Walk away and let it die? That may be the law but it's iniquitous.

Jeanne Williams

What It's All About

This is the best god-damned writing I have ever seen in service to a community. And that's what it's all about.

Here's a check,
Jeremiah Teague

All This and a Sense of Humor

Your mag is a joy to look at, and yet backs up the visual impact with some worthwhile, meaningful essays, which is great in itself. Imagine all this and a sense of humor!

Keep it up!
Chuck Hassan

LETTERS

Zula's Update

David E. Brown may travel a lot, but it's been three years at least since he visited Zula's in Nogales. George and Tita Papachoris now own it and have added, to the fare mentioned, Greek salads, superb carne machaca, lamb shanks, shrimp Papachoris with its own sauce and feta cheese, and have also brightened the decor. And the restrooms are inside.

My check enclosed—worth every penny just to read Big Jim's thoughts.
N. J. Bleser
Tumacacori

No Small Feat

Thanks for a great job—even my teenagers are interested.
Kate Ferguson

Does Anyone Else Remember?

Until lately I never knew your magazine existed. But when I read City Magazine for April it brought back many memories. I've lived in Tucson since 1928 and it was refreshing to read about someone who had periodically visited Jimmy's Chicken Shack on Meyer Street and had fallen off the bandstand in the '40s. I too had gone to the Chicken Shack on occasions and had entertained myself and my friends yodeling while sitting on the edge of the bandstand. The city police were not too impressed by my talents and escorted me to the police station under "protective custody." No music lovers, these men-in-blue.

Other memories include nite spots such as The Open Door, The Chanticleer, Monte Vista, El Morocco, The Outpost, Talk O' the Town, Jimmy Carter's La Jolla, Red and Ray's Poor Man's Club, La Cantina (Passion Pit) and many more. All gone now. Ah, such memories. Does anyone else remember? I know I wasn't alone in those days. Or was it only a dream?

E. O'Neal Dye

Writing as Exciting as the Subjects

Your magazine is terrific! I read every line. Not only are the articles interesting, but the writing itself is exciting.

I'd like to contact Billy (Kid Bad Comes Clean). Could you please forward the enclosed letter to him?

Thanks!
Martha Laird

Billy Has Made the Turn to "Kid Good"

CITY MAG for May was superb ... writing ... subjects ... presentation!

The story on "Kid Bad" was a classic ... and my hat is off to young "Billy S" for his openness. He has obviously conquered "denial," which is the first and maybe the highest hurdle to leap on the long road to recovery.

I know who "Billy S" is—and my heart goes out to his parents. I had dinner with Billy and my daughter a short while ago. She has known him since grade-school days and dates him on occasion. He struck me instantly as a young man with ability, a good sense of humor, and hope for the future. His job as a day laborer, which he is taking in full stride, speaks myriads on his behalf.

Having had close association with alcohol abuse in my own family, I know the length of the row that Billy has to hoe—be it alcohol or substance abuse, the turning point is the same, and Billy has made the turn. He can make it—one day at a time.

And by taking the open position that he has, as did Betty Ford, he is lending a firm helping hand to those others who are similarly afflicted and want help. This move, in itself, adds another tier of accomplishment in rebuilding his self-esteem.

I hope, for his sake and his parents', that all who know him will look at his recent gains as prologue to his future and lend the support he needs.

"Kid Bad" can resurface as "Kid Good."

Willard N. Munroe



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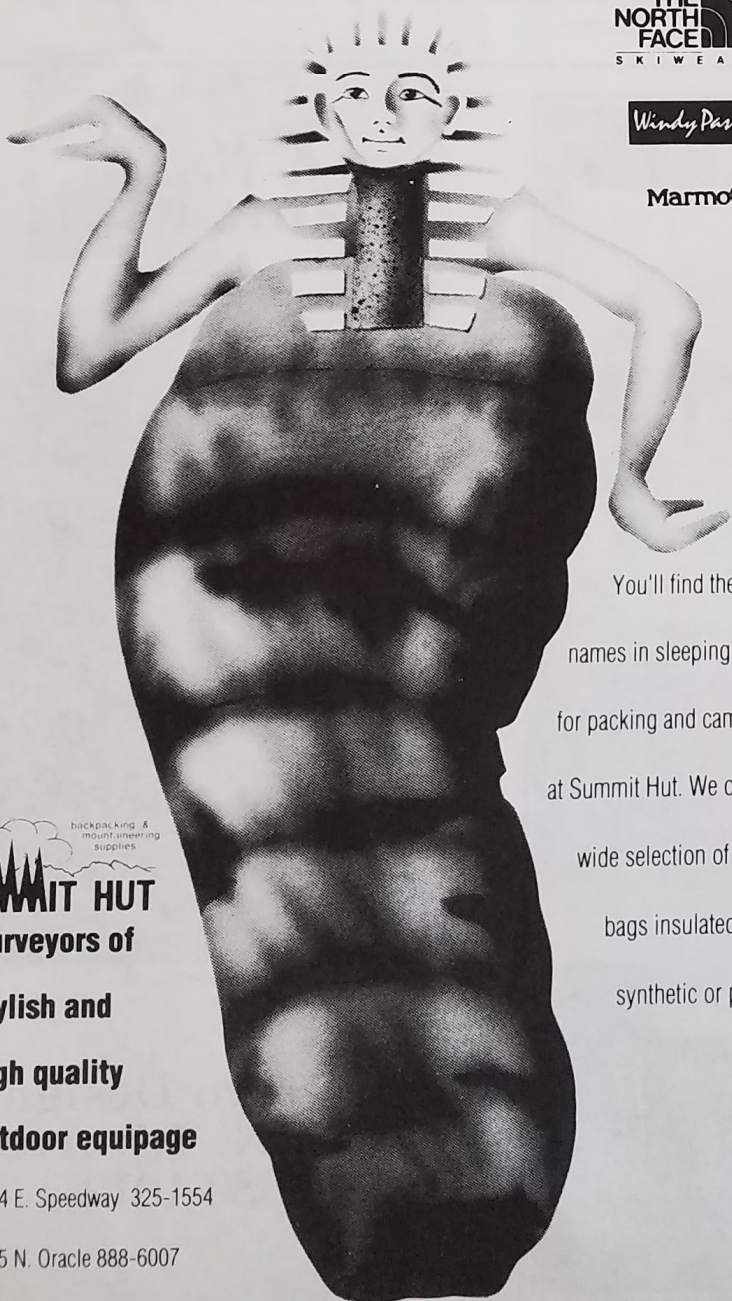


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HOWDY



Howdy,

In the first issue of my magazine, the help broached the idea of selling Phoenix to North Dakota for a buck. But I'm sorry to report those wily wheat freaks were too astute to tumble for the offer. Perhaps we should have approached a more sympathetic state, such as South Africa.

And now certain patriotic local citizens have suggested the secession of all of Arizona south of the Gila River—iguana heaven, in short—from the Great Darkness of the capital and its depraved minions. David Yetman of the Board of Supervisors has risen to lizard-like brilliance and thrown his political might behind this child of destiny, Baja Arizona.

This rising tide of energy and aspiration compels me to put my four shoulders to the wheel, to set aside my frolicsome ways in the local cafes, discos, beer joints and public spas, and to offer my services to the my fellow citizens. I stand before you as a candidate for the governorship of Baja Arizona.

I do not sell cars, I dedicate every fiber of my scales to the elimination of racism, speciesism and Phoenixism. And I don't wear a rug, I sport a hide. I have never been to Central America—though I have numerous kinfolk there—and I promise if I ever send our troops out on a military exercise, they will march north, not south.

Free Baja Arizona.

Iggy Lizardo For Governor—WE WANNA IGUANA.

If we can only believe, we will be free, Jack.

Iggy Lizardo

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WHERE TO

HOWL

TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING

—July's— CHOICE

Big League Bowling July 2-8

Dave Husted said the strike god was looking over his shoulder last year when he won \$23,000 in the Professional Bowlers Association summer tour stop in Tucson. He'll be testing his spirituality again as he leads a field of 160 big names in bowling for this year's \$140,000 Miller Lite Challenge at Golden Pin Lanes, co-sponsored by Finley Distributing Co. The finals will be live on ESPN at 9 p.m. July 8. Tickets range from \$3-\$8 a session. Info, 888-4272.

Club Congress Gets Mushy July 4th

Performance artist Jim Mousigian, former Tucsonan now living in San Francisco (more weird stuff happening up there), is being flown back to the Old Pueblo for the club's July 4th blowout. They're re-staging last year's spectacle when they threw hundreds of watermelons off the roof—an avant-garde version of fireworks. Wear your raincoat and remember to duck. \$4, \$3 if you bring a melon. Info, 622-8848.

Stars and Stripes Forever July 4

Independence Day will keep you busy. Even if you have a bumper sticker that says "America, Love It or Leave It," everyone stays around for The Fourth. Start with an old-fashioned parade at 9 a.m. in Reid Park, then picnic in the park with a ceremony at noon. BYO lunch or buy from vendors. The action moves over to the TCC patio at 6:30 p.m. with plenty of patriotic music and drinks to keep your spirits buoyed. Hang around for the fireworks display at "A" Mountain at 8 p.m. Then rush home, climb onto the roof, and you might catch a few private displays. Info, 791-4860.

Warhol Reruns July 18

The evening begins at Dinnerware Art Gallery where they'll present a film or video on or by Andy Warhol, probably with music by the famed Velvet Underground. But don't get bleary-eyed here, move on down the street to Club Congress and become famous for 15 seconds. (They've shortened it.) An Andy Warhol look-alike contest, slide shows and plenty



of dancing to tunes by many now dead. Ghoulish? Long live '60s heroes, even if many didn't make it to the '80s. Who knows, maybe Edie Sedgwick will rise again. Dress? Sixties style of course. Don't forget your go-go boots and white lipstick. Adm. charge. Info, 622-8848.

Great Escapes 1987 Through July

Summer adventures for children at the Tucson Public Library include enough topics to fit any kid's needs and imagination. Pre-registration is required (and they fill up fast), but if you give them a call they'll fill you in on all the details and classes. Info, 791-4391.

Arts District Update

The project to develop design strategies for a downtown arts and culture district has changed its schedule to encourage more participation. Closing date on proposals for consultant selection is now Friday, Aug. 7 and a public forum with the finalists is Aug. 10. For further info, call the Downtown Development Corporation at 623-5427.

Tucson Summer Arts Festival

Sponsored by America West Airlines, Hotel Park Tucson and Allstate Rent-a-Car and Limousines. The following are some highlights; others are in the regular Where to Howl listings.

Children's Theater July 3

Follow the yellow brick road as fifty kids from Tucson perform with the magical actors from the Montana-based Missoula Children's Theater in a production of "The Wizard of Oz." 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. at TCC's Little Theatre. \$4 adults; \$2 children under 12. 621-1302.

Video Art July 10-19

Watch the latest and the weirdest videos by artists in the Southwest in a juried selection of the art of the future in the UA Museum of Art, South Gallery. Free. 621-1302.

Harmonica Hoedown July 15

Sandy Bradleya and The Small Wonder String Band play traditional old-time American music—from ragtime to blues, from movie cartoon sound tracks to novelty songs. They're silly and loose, and they'll appeal to anyone who still has a "kid" inside their soul, 8 p.m. at UA Crowder Hall. Reserved seating. Sponsored in cooperation with the Tucson Friends of Traditional Music. \$6 general; \$5 members; \$4 UA students and seniors. 621-1302.

Musical Humor July 22

Jimmy and the Wazoo Peach Pitters perform at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. They're a zany bunch of musicians who play bluegrass, a cappella, original and satirical songs. Bring the family and a sense of humor. Reserved seating. \$6 general; \$4 students and seniors. In cooperation with the Tucson Friends of Traditional Music. 621-1302.

The Art of Paper July 22

If you thought paper was just turned out by smelly mills and used for the printed word, Margaret Prentice, papermaker, will tell you otherwise. She discusses the traditional craft of hand-papermaking with priorities on archival quality, consistency and beauty. The true difference between factory work and individual attention. Don't miss at 2 p.m. in University Theatre. Prentice will also conduct a special workshop with a material fee of \$5. Registration info, 621-7570. Free. 621-1302.

Shale July 23

Catch the trendiest happenings in the dance world when Shale, a modern dance company from California, blends unexpected elements with contemporary imagery and a ballet-based technique. How could it be anything but dynamic? 8 p.m. in University Theatre. \$6 public; \$4 UA students and seniors. 621-1302.

Downtown on Scott St. Aug. 1

Join the Scott Street Art Festival and watch the battle-of-the-bands street dance, the "Carnival: Musica de las Americas," parades and hordes of people who descend from air conditioned houses to experience the emergence of Tucson as _____. You fill in the blank, but don't miss this.

COMING HOME

BY NILS NELSON

The grown-ups used to talk about it when I was a kid living on Adams Street and going to Roskrige Junior High. "Well, so-and-so is moving away. Got a job transfer. But you wait and see. He'll come back. They always come back."

Years later, in 1972, when the U of A said no to my graduate application, I ended up going to school in Fresno. I spent two years there—in cold, gray San Joaquin Valley winters and brown summers with endless heat and no rain. I tried to move back to Arizona in 1974, but an argument with a friend led me to San Francisco instead.

On return visits to Tucson, people would ask where I was living. I'd pause, then say the magic words. San Francisco. The designer jeans of urban living.

"Yeah, we've got a nice apartment right across the street from Golden Gate Park."

"Oooh," they would swoon, the image of sea breezes and romantic foggy nights sending them on an out-of-the-body voyage that Shirley MacLaine would envy.

The truth was that the traffic outside our apartment was so noisy that the only time I could get any sleep was

between two and six a.m. on Sunday mornings. The truth was that I worked as a janitor in a department store and the summer fog was so cold one needed a moon suit to stay warm. There always seemed to be some lost, barefoot teenager who had just hitched in from Ohio saying "Hey man, like where's Haight Street?"

I still missed Tucson, my friends and family. I would come once a year to visit, timing it for monsoon season when the thunderheads had also made their summer journey, and I welcomed them, soaked with ecstasy. Or in late October, I would come to have the hemispheres of my brain cleaved in two by the autumn Sonora sun. After hours of hiking around the foothills, I would descend at dusk and head toward the South Side for a pitcher of beer and a chimichanga.

As long as I stayed out in the desert and avoided the old neighborhoods

and their ghosts, I was all right. But there were always the regulars who wanted up-to-the-minute biographical reports: Have you made something of yourself? No. Are you gonna move back? Well, uh.... I'd mumble and wander off, trying to stay away from the University. I could still smell the classrooms and recall the disarray of orange plastic chairs where I sat for four years, running pens dry on filler paper.

I kept to the side streets and back alleys, forcing myself to ignore the glut of construction that was stuccoing my past. I passed old garage apartments, where the memories of growing up in the '60s still dwelled, pulling me back like an acid riff from Jimi's Stratocaster.

Time slid by, punctuated by more brief visits. My dad died. I came back. I moved from San Francisco down to L.A. My mom died. I came back. Then,

last August, my best friend, who had been with me at every turn of my turning points, put his grandfather's shotgun to his head. His parents had his body flown back to Tucson and fourteen years to the day I first left, I stood over his grave at South Lawn.

"They always come back," the old voices said.

I'll be forty this year. My beard is half-white. I'm tired of "Southern Cal." I get on my wife's nerves when I talk too much about moving back to Tucson. She is reluctant to leave her job and California. She tells me I romanticize too much. I don't blame her.

But imagine: It will be July, let's say. The thunderheads have made their trek up from the southeast and are looming high above the Santa Ritas. It's hot, the pressure's building, everyone's on edge. Then at four one afternoon the winds kick up, the sky turns dark, and those first dollar-size drops slam down, raising that familiar smell of dust and creosote. I go inside and take her by the hand, leading her out into the yard as the deluge hits and the thunder cracks and I shout "See? See?"

And we see. □

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EVENTS

The Original Monkees July 1

Forget the TV re-runs and see these guys live. The Monkees are opening their tour in Tucson. MTV blasted us with old and new videos and elevated these fellows to cult status. Weird Al Yankovic (he writes parodies of pop hits) is the opening act. Sponsored by Evening Star Productions. TCC. Info, 791-4101.

Seri Images July 1-31

The Amerind Foundation is displaying recent photos of the Seri Indians of Sonora by David Burckhalter, a photojournalist who has been studying and taking pictures of the Seris for years. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, call 1-586-3666.

"Max's Flying Saucer" July 1-Aug. 14

For kids or those who think like 'em—ages 3 and up. A young boy sees a light hovering in the sky and tries to discover what it is. But you'll have to see the show to get the punchline. Flandrau Planetarium. Adm. charge. Info, 621-4515.

Dressed Up, Indian Style July 1-Aug. 16

Old Tucson is extending the *Encyclopedia Britannica* traveling show, featuring twelve full-size, incredibly life-like, famous American Indian figures in historically authentic costumes and placed in settings that accurately reflect the period they lived in. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Guided tours and story-telling sessions throughout each day. Info, 883-0100.

Egyptian Evenings July 1-Aug. 23

Hieroglyphics, pharaohs, exotic deities and monuments of stone—get out of the now and back up four thousand years and explore the science, art, religion and Egyptian view of the universe that made "order out of chaos." Check out the 3,000-year-old Egyptian "mummy" on loan from the L.A. Natural History Museum. He's resting in the exhibit hall. Flandrau Planetarium. \$3.50 gen. adm.; \$2.75 senior citizens, UA faculty, staff and students. Info, 621-4515.

Tucson Toros July 1-Aug. 31

America's favorite beer and hot dog sport is in full bloom. The Tucson Toros play 70 games at Hi Corbett field this season. A great little ballpark, a farm team for a contender—this is why summer is on the calendar. Call for dates and times. Info, 791-4096.

Moms-n-Tots July 1-Aug. 22

Year 'round morning program from 9 a.m. to noon for mothers and tots, 3-5 years years. Quality time out of doors. Info, 791-4382.

Golf for Kids July 1-Aug. 22

If you're 9-18 years old, and like to chase little white balls around...The Tucson Parks and Recreation Department is sponsoring a summer golf program just for those on the underside of majority. Info, 791-4382.

Camp History July 1-Aug. 28

The Arizona Historical Society is offering a summer program for children ages 7-12. The ten one-week sessions have a unique twist emphasizing Arizona and Western history through a fun, hands-on approach. Kids can pan for gold, make candles, maps and tortillas and learn old-time songs. Wish they'd let adults in on this. \$45 per person; \$40 for

members of the Historical Society. Info, 628-5774.

K-Swiss Firecracker Tennis Tournament July 3-6

The heat is still bearable so get out the racquet and sign up for the Randolph Tennis Center's singles, doubles or mixed competition. Don't leave home without your hat. Entry fee \$10 singles; \$12 doubles. Info on times; 791-4896.

Stars and Stripes July 4

El Con goes live. No Muzak, just hot jazz, Dixieland bands and the Seven Pipers Society and Scottish Dancers. Celebrate America's number one holiday in the performance hall of the future—the shopping mall. 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Red, White & Blue July 4

Wear the colors of the flag and swim for free at any of Tucson's city pools on Independence day. Then get into the spirit of American competition and swim your way through relay races, aquatic games and other treats. The incentive? Plenty of prizes for the winners. Info, 791-4245.

Day Camp

July 7-Aug. 13
Desert discovery gives kids hands-on experience with plants, animals, geology, story-telling and walks through the park—taught by Tohono Chul Park docents. Grades 1-6 but class size is limited. Adm. charge. Registration info, 742-6455.

Older, but Wiser? July 10

A musical hunt back to the past with America ("Horse with No Name") and Three Dog Night ("One Is The Loneliest Number"). They'll rock Celebrity Theatre in Phoenix. Sponsored by Evening Star Productions. Info, 1-244-0404.

Adult Go-Carts July 10-11

This is called a tractor and truck pull. That means grown-ups in chromed

WHERE TO HOWL

four wheel drives pull sleds and play truck tag with each other in the TCC arena. The ultimate spectator sport for urban cowboys and good ol' boys. Adm. charge. 8 p.m. 791-4101.

A Birthday Party July 11

It's the 13th anniversary festival at Ormsby Park and they'll be "tripping the light fantastic" from noon to midnight with plenty of summer stuff—softball, games, displays, food booths, rousing music, and thunderous dancing moves. Info, 791-4011.

Bargain Bonanza July 11-12

The El Con semi-annual sidewalk sale. Your chance to sift through merchandise that's been discounted up to fifty percent. Maybe a few designer labels will get thrown in. Regular mall hours.

Uncommon Cure July 18

Tired of Jimi Hendrix, The Doors and others rising from the dead out of the Woodstock generation? Take the drive to the Mesa Amphitheatre and see The Cure, a British techno-pop band. Sponsored by Evening Star Productions. Info, 834-2560.

Bubble Dancing July 19

The back-up stars of the Lawrence Welk show return and put on a gala show. For everyone who remembers bubbles in the air, this is ballroom dancing music at its zenith. Wear chiffon. Adm. chg. TCC. 8 p.m. 791-4101.

Wet 'n' Wild July 22

The mayor has proclaimed this day as children's day. That means be extra nice and take your kids to Reid Park for skits-o-mania, decorated booths, food, face painting and other sticky things. Free. 4-8 p.m. Info, 791-4878.

Limber Legs July 25

Check out the latest groovy

gymnastic moves by tots and adolescents strutting their latest tricks and routines. Makes you wish you were young and flexible. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info, 791-4663.

Photo Contest

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum is sponsoring their tenth annual amateur nature photography competition and show for snappers 15 and under. Subject matter must be native to the Gulf of California, Mexican states of Sonora, Baja Cal. Norte and Baja Cal. Sur, the Gulf of California and its islands and the Sonoran Desert area of Southeastern California. Entries must be 8x10 and in color. Info on prizes, rules and entry forms, call 883-1380, ext. 205.

Get Glitzy Through Sept. 9

Westin La Paloma is strutting its stuff this summer with Rick's Café Americain, a reproduction of the club from the classic movie "Casablanca" with the legendary Humphrey Bogart. They watched the movie more times than most fanatics and painstakingly recreated the set. Transport yourself back to the 1930s and enjoy authentic Moroccan cuisine—fresh salads brimming from handmade bowls, hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, grilled fish, roasted chicken and grilled lamb and beef. Pianist David Syme will be playing Gershwin tunes to get you in the mood. Feeling bored? Tune up your romantic amplifier and bring your love to this one. Info, 742-6000.

Pageant Rituals

Interested in being crowned Miss Tucson? If you're between 17 and 25 and live in Tucson, you're eligible. They'll judge you on personality, poise and talent—and looks too, though they won't admit it. Ever see an ugly Miss America? Too bad they don't have this for guys too. Entry forms for the 1987 Miss Tucson Schol-

arship Pageant are available at the concierge desk at the Sheraton El Conquistador or by calling 326-0528.

YMCA Summer Programs Through Summer

If your kids are parked in front of the TV, here's their chance to swim, play music, participate in gymnastics, aerobic dancing, sports, archery, and hayrides in the Y's version of day camp. Two-week sessions. Call the Lohse YMCA and they'll direct you to the program you want. 624-7471.

Try it Yourself

The YMCA offers courses in aerobics—beginning, intermediate, advanced, senior, low impact. They've got it all and the prices are affordable, approximately \$18 a month. Classes meet two or three times weekly. Info on times and places, 624-7471.

Park Fishing Through Summer

Tucson Parks and Recreation is loading the lakes with catfish. Get out your pole, kick back and feel like Tom Sawyer for a day at Silverbell and Kennedy Park lakes. Info, 791-4860.

Poolside Through Summer

Get toasty, then cool down at the City Pools. There's no better deal in town than a poolside view for approx. fifty cents. Register for synchronized and competitive swim leagues. Learn the moves that made Esther Williams famous. Info, 791-4245.

Volunteer Your Pool Through Summer

The Jacobs City YMCA is looking for backyard and community pools in Northwest Tucson to host its summer Backyard Swim Program. YMCA-certified swim instructors will be provided at each pool. Pool temperature must be at least 82 degrees, and the water maintained at the acceptable chemical balance. Swim lesson sessions are three weeks long

and meet two-three times a week. Be a do-gooder and host a YMCA swim session. Call 888-7716.

Flappers and Bathtub Gin July 1-December

If people dressed in trendy garb get you down, don't miss the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit—"The Era of Wonderful Nonsense," with seven female mannequins and one male mannequin dressed 1920s style. What vintage clothing is really about. Info, 628-5774.

Ready to Quit?

Quit smoking, for good.

Attend The American Cancer Society's Fresh Start Program. Between will-power and these helpful tips, you can kick the habit. Info, 790-2600.

Mall Museums?

The Old Pueblo Museum at Foothills Mall is the first museum to be created in these modern wonders. This \$3 million attraction includes a representative archaeological dig, a gem and mineral exhibition and changing exhibits of Southwest culture. If malls leave you wanting, take a museum break. These may be the future homes for our art. 11 a.m.- 7 p.m.

Tues. through Fri.; 11 a.m.- 6 p.m. Sat.; noon-5 p.m. Sun. Free.

Titan Missile Museum

Want to visit a monument to the cold war? Guided tours of the deactivated (we hope) Titan missile complex and silo are conducted Wed. through Sun. Info, 791-2929.

Story Time

Give yourself a break and let someone else read to your toddler during the library's story time. You can fall asleep, at least day-dream, while your little ones become entranced by

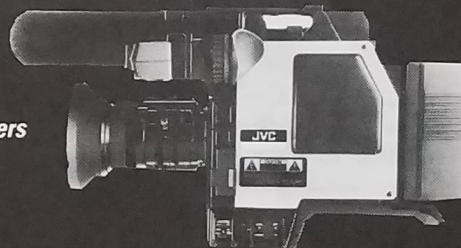
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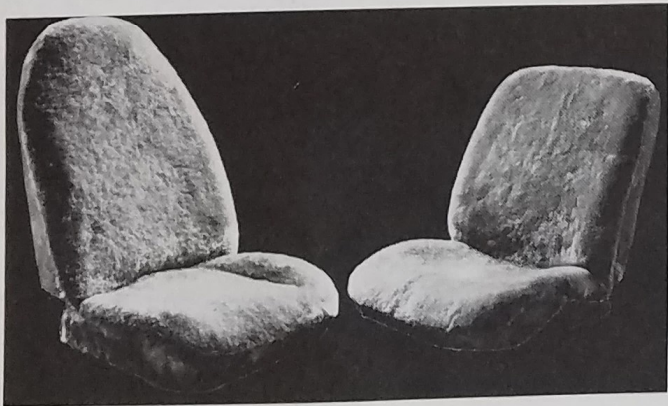
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fairy tales. For ages 18-36 months. For specific branches and times, call 791-4393.

Infoline

Picking up the phone never felt so good. These human beings will answer any question you come up with and they do it cheerfully. You can almost see the smile on the other end of the line. Sponsored by the Tucson Public Library. Call 791-4010.

Infoline for The Hearing Impaired

The Tucson Public Library has improved its service for the hearing impaired by installing a direct line for Telecommunication Device for the Deaf phone calls. TDD callers can now reach the library's Infoline directly by dialing 791-4396. Applaud.

Work of Art

You live inside it, but do you understand how it works? The Human Adventure Center, a well-kept secret, teaches everyone about the human body and how to care for it. This gets to the heart of the matter. 5531 E. Fort Lowell. Adm. charge. Info, 721-8749.

Folk Artists July 1

Soviet folk artists feature three award-winning Ukrainian musicians on traditional instruments at 8 p.m. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Adm. charge. UA Crowder Hall. 621-1302.

Gaslight Theatre July 1-Aug. 22

"Secret Agent Man!" is a mystery, a comedy and a drama done up for the entire family. The Gaslight always is fun, but the olio is the best part. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Info, 886-9428.

Young Voices July 2

Local high school vocal jazz/swing choir concert featuring the talents of 36 singers in a culmination of their two-week workshop at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. \$1. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. 621-1302.

Performance Art July 3

The art of the '80s is back with a performance by Tucson-based Dan Buckley doing what he does best—keeping you wondering what he's doing, at 8 p.m. at the UA Museum of Art. \$4; \$2 UA students and seniors. Info, 621-1162.

Summer in the City July 5

As part of the Westward Look jazz series, totally celeb Sam Taylor (now a permanent Tucson resident) plays with the Statesboro Blues Band and The Big Pete Pearson Blues Band. The show sizzles from 4 p.m.-7 p.m. Great place to overlook the city or mountains. Free.

Army Band July 7

The 36th Army Band from Ft. Huachuca salutes the good ol' United States in a patriotic concert at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Free. 621-1302.

Art Forum July 9

Robert Henry and Selina Trieff, New York painters, discuss their work in watercolor, oil and drawing; in conjunction with their exhibit in the Joseph Gross Gallery—2 p.m. in the Architecture Auditorium. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Free. 621-1302.

World Class July 11

John and Carol Farrel, serious puppeteers and directors of "figures of speech," discuss the work being generated by leading experimenters who use puppets, masks and other media to create theater, at 11 a.m. in UA Crowder

Hall. Part of the Summer Arts Festival. Free. 621-1302.

Community Vocals July 12

Dr. Christopher Cock directs an all-community chorus and orchestra in Haydn's *The Creation* at 3 p.m. Christ Church United Methodist. \$1 admission. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. 621-1302.

TMA Concert July 12, 19

The Tucson Museum of Art hosts a summer evening jazz concert, "Summerset Suite, 87," featuring Dixie/traditional jazz performed by Jazzberry Jam. Cool down starts at 7 p.m. and tunes out by 10 p.m. in the Plaza of the Pioneers. \$3 general admission; \$2 TMA members, \$1 Jazz Society members. Sponsored by the Tucson Jazz Society. Info, 624-2333.

Festival Classics July 12, 26

"Stalag 17" screens on the 12th. William Holden (in an Oscar-winning performance) and Otto Preminger match wits in a German POW camp. Billy Wilder directed this 1953 classic, the standard by which all WW II prison camp movies were measured until "The Great Escape" in 1963. "Ball of Fire," a vintage 1941 comedy directed by the versatile Howard Hawks, shows up on the 26th. Chorine Barbara Stanwyck, on the outs with mobster Dana Andrews, hides out in a mansion where Prof. Gary Cooper and a gang of eccentric colleagues are compiling an encyclopedia. The showgirl writes the entry on American slang and defines "fun" for the eggheads. The reels begin moving at 7:30 p.m. at the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. \$1.50. 621-1302.

Childsplay July 13-19

This popular Phoenix-based children's theater troupe will perform "The Emperor's New Clothes."

WHERE TO HOWL

Performances will take place Mon.-Sat. throughout Tucson. Free. Call 621-1162 for locations and times.

Invisible Theatre July 17, 18

Take the bite out of the sizzling dog days of summer and see Hawkins and DeLear, a two-woman musical act. They sing their way through rock, folk, jazz, and classically influenced songs. A coast-to-coast hit. 8 p.m. \$6 general; \$5 students and seniors. 1400 N. First Ave. 882-9721.

UA Faculty Concerts July 20, 27

Michael Livingston, baritone, sings from his repertoire and Tom Patterson performs his own classical compositions at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. \$6 general; \$4 students and seniors. Reserved seating. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. 621-

1302.

In Concert July 24, 25

The Old Pueblo is going jazz crazy. Mary Baker sings "cool jazz for a hot summer night." Well, all the summer nights are hot now, so stop the meltdown and air condition your soul with her vocal prowess. 8 p.m. \$10 general; \$9 students and seniors. Invisible Theatre, 1400 N. First Ave. 882-9721.

The Children's Hour July 25, 26

The Invisible Theatre features a fun-filled family show with theatre games where children are taught to have good thoughts, strong minds and friendships. Boost an adolescent's self-esteem—and yours too, at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. \$3 general admission. 1400 N. First Ave. 882-9721.

More Jazz July 28

Mainstream jazz performed

by the John Bowes Quintet, sponsored by the Tucson Jazz Society. \$3 general admission; \$2 TMA members, \$1 Jazz Society members. Info on location and times, call 624-2333.

Guitar Workshop July 31

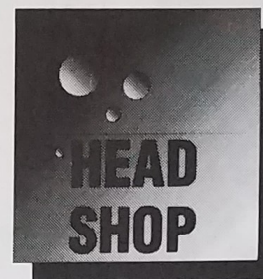
A classical guitar presentation by minority and economically disadvantaged junior and high school students at 8 p.m. in UA

Crowder Hall. The culmination of two weeks of blisters and hard work. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Free. 621-1302.

Older is Better July 31-Aug. 1

Tucson's oldest existing modern dance company—the 10th Street Dance-works—struts their sinewy muscles in an adventurous dance concert at 8 p.m. in University Theatre. Part of

the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. \$6 general; \$4 UA students and seniors. Reserved seating. 621-1302.

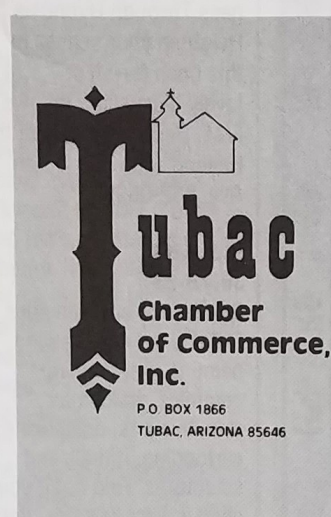


Poetry Writing July 1-5

Tony Hoagland, recipient of the National Endowment for the Arts Poetry Fellowship for 1987, is teaching poetry writing at Himmel Library from 7-9 p.m. Info, 791-4397.

Immortality? July 1-5

The 20th annual International Physical Immortality Conference is sponsored



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by the Eternal Flame Foundation and will take place in Scottsdale. If the idea of living forever appeals to you, perhaps they can teach you about cryogenics and other new developments in the search for infinite life. Tell us about it. Info, 1-948-3710 or 1-946-7784.

Path to Knowledge July 2

Brenda Johnson presents "P.A.T.H.—Psychic Awareness Through Hypnosis." Heighten your senses in this open forum at 7 p.m. Lively discussion follows. Free. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. 882-0899.

Kids Art July 6-23

Classes for children ages 5-8 and 9-14 in drawing, painting, printmaking, ceramics, watercolor, primitive arts, dollmaking, cartooning, murals and sculptures. Find out if your child is Tucson's next hot artist. A good bet. Adm. Fee. Info, 884-8673.

Women's Roundtable July 14

Lois Hopkin, RN, MS, discusses osteoporosis, focusing on causes, prevention, treatment and resources available in the community. Bring your questions. Drink a glass of milk before you go. \$10 non-members; \$5 members. Reservations required. Radisson Suites Hotel from 7 p.m.-9 p.m. Call 29-WOMAN.

Fit for Life? July 23

Guru Jiwan Singh of the 3HO Foundation discusses a comprehensive approach to health care, including substance abuse, stress management, weight loss, smoking and fitness at 7 p.m. If these topics send you into a tailspin, check out his alternatives. Free. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. 882-0899.

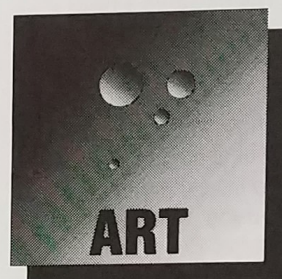
Diabetes Association July 23

The adult support group meets in the Tucson Chapter office. Info on times

and place, 795-3711.

Specifically Women July 30

Feeling angry, crazed, exhausted, depressed half the month? Dr. Lyn Patrick, will provide fountains of information concerning the correlation between PMS, fibrocystic breast disease and nutrition. No question is too ridiculous. Free. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. 882-0899.



Arizona State Museum July 1-Dec. '87

Photographic exhibit of UA buildings, in b&w and color, that have been placed in the National Register. Get a historical perspective of UA architecture. Mon.-Sat. 9-5 p.m. and Sun. 2-5 p.m. 621-6302.

Art Network Through July

Tired of looking like everyone else? Visit this gallery of "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry, gonzo colored T-shirts and other originals. Corner of Hotel Congress. Tues.-Fri. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. 12-5 p.m. 624-7005.

Center For Creative Photography July 1-Sept. 17

Recent photos of the urban and rural west by contemporary shutter-bugs. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

De Grazia Gallery July 1-31

Part of the permanent collection of De Grazia—this one reveals how he translated his relationship with the Superstition Mountains onto canvas. Mon.-Sun 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6300 N. Swan Rd. Info, 299-9191.

Dinnerware Cooperative July 1-18

Two surprise shows displaying work of non-members in all media. Some locals, some from as far away as the Big Apple. Reception, July 11, 7 p.m.-9 p.m.

July 28-Aug. 16

Another non-member group show. Reception Aug. 1, 7 p.m.-9 p.m. We know you can't stand all the suspense, but what else is there to do on a hot summer night but amble downtown and see what's happening in the gossipy art world. Then let us know. 135 E. Congress St. Hours noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat. Sun. 1-4 p.m. Info, 792-4503.

El Presidio Through July

Mary Wyant, Hal Empie, Charles Pabst and other artists who portray the Southwest in different mediums. 182 N. Court Ave. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

Etherton Gallery July 1-Aug. 31

A variety of offerings from the permanent collection are available for purchase and viewing by appointment only. Don't worry, they resume normal hours in the fall. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

Eleanor Jeck Galleries Through July

Soft sculptures—life-size clones by Curran and ceramics by William Berchow. 6376 E. Broadway and 6336 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. 790-8333.

Frank Franklin's

He makes thick, hand-carved doors and he paints, too—in a primitive and bright Southwestern style. Anna Franklin, his wife, makes outrageous puppets. They'll let you look (and buy), but by appointment only. Info, 792-0777.

WHERE TO HOWL

Obsidian Gallery

July 1-31

Entitled "A Midsummer Night's Dream," this show features the work of several hot and emerging Tucson painters—contemporary work by Charlotte Bender, Cynthia Miller, Kurt Kiwak, Trish Wann, Allen Maertz and Tina McNearney. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30. 577-3598.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.

July 1-3

Featuring multi-media work by rotating gallery artists. Howard Post (a non-romantic view of the American West in oils, pastels and mono-prints), Barbara Smith's super watercolors and mixed media (landscapes and florals), Walter Piehl's mixed media drawings (life on the rodeo circuit), Nancy Prevo's watercolors and acrylics (daily life) and others. The gallery will be closed from July 4 through Aug. 3. Show resumes Aug. 4 through Sept. 30. St. Philip's Plaza. River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Phoenix Art Museum

July 1-Aug. 9

Dutch, Flemish and German paintings from the collection of the Sarah Campbell Blaffer Foundation from Houston. Artists from the 15th-17th centuries include Peter Paul Rubens, Hieronymus Bosch, Lucas Cranach, Anthony Van Dyck and Jan Steen. Worth the drive, if you have A/C. 1625 N. Central Ave. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Wed. 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 1-5 p.m. Adults \$2, students/seniors \$1, children free. Info, 1-257-1880.

Sanders Galleries Through July

New works by Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Jim Norton, Gayle Nason, Stefan Ott and Greg Wallace at 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the La Paloma gallery are new works by Jerry Becker, Dave Flitner,

Don Jaramillo, R.S. Riddick and Greg Wallace. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Subway Gallery in Bisbee

July 1-July 9

Photography show curated by Boyd Nicholl and Dick Amerault. At press time, we had no information on whether this was b&w or color, realistic or abstract. But it's a nice drive. Tues.-Sun. noon-4 p.m. 45 Main Street, Bisbee. 1-432-5230.

Tohono Chul Park

July 1-5

Exhibits by sculptors Curt Brill, Linda Haworth, Esteban Apodaca, Eric Rudans, Kathy Haun, Kurt Niece and others. UA grad students show off their stuff too. 7366 Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 742-6455.

July 7-Aug. 30

Retrospective exhibit of the late Manuel Lepe—famous for primitive paintings depicting happy kids at play amid the lush foliage of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Paintings on loan by private collectors.

Tubac Galleries

July 1-11

Classes for children and teenagers in different media for different ages. Sponsored by the Santa Cruz Cultural Development Center and the Tubac galleries. If you are a resident of Santa Cruz County, you're eligible for this. Info, 1-398-2371.

Tucson Museum of Art

July 1-Aug. 2

Richard Shaw: Illusionism in Clay, 1971-1985. Whimsical porcelain sculptures are meticulously modeled trompe l'oeil clay figures. They appear to be "found objects." Main Gallery. Social commentary marks the images by local photographer Judith Golden in the upper gallery. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun 1-5 p.m. 624-2333.

July 19

Richard Shaw will present a lecture on his work at 2 p.m. in the TMA upper gallery. Free.

Tucson Pima Arts Council

July 1-Sept. 4

Paintings by Martin Amorous, Tom Chapin and Diane Meyer Melton, some of the most prolific artists in town. 110 S. Church Ave., Suite 198. Mon. a.m.-Fri. 8-5 p.m. 624-0595.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery

June 2-Aug. 2

Recent UA photo graduates have their shot at wall space. Karin Erickson's b&w self-portrait murals and Herb Stratford's color photos of architecture. The theme centers on "enhanced reality." Perish the thought but go see it. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

July 1-9

Paintings by Selina Trief and Robert Henry. UA Art Bldg. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. 621-7570.

July 10-20

Alan Sonfist, a.k.a. an earth painter, exhibits his paintings.

July 21-Aug. 6

Paper art by Margaret Prentice.

UA Museum of Art

July 9-Aug 9

At presstime all we heard via the grapevine is that paintings by Katherine Josten will be on display. Olive and Speedway. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

July 15

Julie Hansen will speak on the museum's permanent collection. Find out who acquires what and for how much—and why they do. This is a great collection, revealed on a rotating basis.

UA Rotunda Gallery

July 1-Aug. 5

The spotlight is on the following UA MFA grad

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WHERE TO HOWL

students: Charlie Hacksaylo's charcoal and pastels draw on the central theme of slick commercialism; S. Vaca's paintings and drawings detail his upbringing in Ecuador and are primitive in nature and political in content; Daniel Schavoine's paintings show a world where natural laws don't apply. Heady stuff. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

UA Union Gallery July 1-Aug. 7

San Francisco's Kimiko Kogure, Sedona's Scott Dunham and local artists show off their handiwork in blown, cut and stained glass. See the world through rose-colored glass. UA Student Union. Main Floor. Mon.-Fri. 10-4 p.m., Sun. 11-3 p.m.

Womankraft Gallery

July 5-Aug. 8

Originally scheduled to display a show with found and created objects, this gallery might resort to

doing loud electronic performances that can be heard over the drone of jackhammers ripping up the street. Stay tuned. They describe the gallery as a "non-elitist cultural haven" in the heart of the downtown trendy art world—specializing in works targeted to serve special populations—senior citizens, children and, of course, women. Weekdays noon-4 p.m. 200 E. Congress St. 792-6306.

Aug. 9-Sept. 12

Feline fanatics will adore the cuddly views in all media of cats, cats and more cats. Maybe Garfield will put in a surprise appearance.



City Magazine reviews are written by various hungry people. They are not related to advertising.

Michi's Express 806 East University

At long last Tucson's Emperor and Empress of Sushi, Eugene and Michi Sanchez, have brought the uncooked fish to Midtown. Located in the renovated Geronimo complex is their newest outpost, Michi's Express, specializing in lunches, carryout and relaxed, intimate dinners at any odd hour before 7 p.m. The small restaurant with sushi bar serves the Japanese specialties that have made Eugene's other enterprise, Tokyo Restaurant on 22nd Street, something of a shrine to Tucsonans who recall having to drive all the way to big bad L.A. to be served fish before it was encased in some European facade and cooked. All the expected sacraments await the faithful at Michi's: maguro, hamachi, hirame, saba,

tako, ebi, awabi. In addition to sushi and sashimi, Michi's Express serves the usual favorites in the Sanchez tradition of fine preparation: tempura treatments of shrimp, zucchini, sweet potato, onion and broccoli, crisp and greaseless, fresh and crunchy. There's teryaki, sweet and smoky barbecued eel, gyoza (deep-fried here, unlike the soft pan fried version out on 22nd), yaki tori, miso, sunomono—all the ingredients to send the sushi cultist into a euphoric state. The spell won't be broken when the bill arrives either—a full meal involving portions of nearly everything mentioned ran three people \$32.00 including tip. The only catch in all this is that Michi's does not yet have its liquor license, but that's due soon. MC, Visa, no checks. 884-9090. —Hog

Lil Abner's Steakhouse 8501 N. Silverbell

Your typical cowboy lodge for tourists—except that here the Porterhouses are big and tender enough to attract homeboys as well. Built forty years ago, the place has been surrounded in the '80s by myth and lore befitting its Wild West theme. According to legend, bigtime lawyer David Hoffman got the steakhouse in lieu of payment for defending two notorious brothers accused of counterfeiting. "I'm so sick of hearing that," laments Hoffman, who says he actually paid the parents of his afore-

mentioned clients a million dollars for the steakhouse because "it was a good business move and a way to get out of the criminal-defense biz." Oh well, every Old West joint needs a colorful image. What is true, Hoffman says, is he's traded in his high-stakes legal career to putter in the kitchen for days at a time, perfecting his barbecue sauce, and his biggest worries now are whether to tamper with a time-honored menu and add chicken and ribs (yes). Lil Abner's offers a good time in the rapidly disappearing desert outside of town, where the steaks are cooked over mesquite flame and you can eat under the stars. With salad, ranch beans, salsa and bread, dinners go for \$8.95 (chicken) to \$16.95 (two-pound steak). The waitresses have bandanas, the restrooms have an outdoor facade, and the giftshop has cowboy hats. Open 5 to 10 weeknights, 'til 11 on weekends. Take Ina west to Silverbell and head north. MC, Visa. 744-2800. —Hungry Heart.

Da Vinci's

3535 E. Fort Lowell

The local mecca for Italian feasting, this place is a phenomenon. By 6:30 p.m. on a Wednesday, it was filled and a line was beginning to form. Comfortable booths and tables covered with linen beckon your time and appetite. The menu moves from appetizers (stuffed clams oreganate, crostino) to full pasta dishes, seafood, veal,

chicken and some of the best fettuccine in the state. Classical statuary is scattered around the tables along with a working fountain. Dinners come with choice of soup (minestrone and egg drop are regulars) or salad (the only disappointment, wilted lettuce and not much else). We had Veal Francaise (sautéed in butter, wine and lemon, served with Fettuccine Alfredo) and meat ravioli cooked al dente, with meatballs spiced just right. A side order of crostino (a fancy word for toasted garlic bread dripping with Parmesan and mozzarella cheese) completed the main event. The chocolate mousse was good—rich but not enough to give you a sugar overload. Service was attentive, friendly and fast. The place is big, the waiters and waitresses fly, the noise level is high—this is not the place to pop the question. But it is the place to stuff yourself on great food at reasonable prices, especially the pastas (\$6-\$9 range). The veal and seafood entrees average \$10 per person. If you hit the night when they have Chicken Toscani, go for it. Bring your father-in-law here; he'll like you. Super pizza for families on a budget. Half a dozen nightly specials. Full bar. Unfortunately, they have yet to establish a non-smoking section. Let's hope they do. Limited wheelchair access. No credit cards. 881-0947. —Country.

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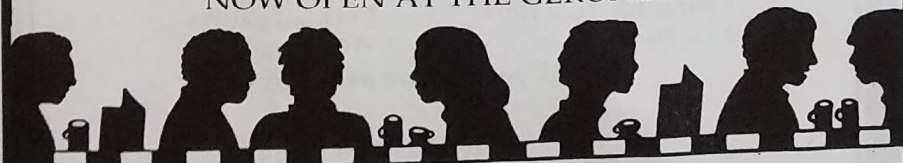
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WHERE TO HOWL

The Sidewalk Cafe 4784 E. Sunrise

Well, the sidewalk is really covered and climate controlled, as we say, but it makes for a bright, cheery place to eat. Being basically a meat and potatoes guy, I settled for the '80s version of same: the thin, lean slices of beef and Mediterranean cheese on French bread (great, crusty French bread from the French Loaf a few doors away). The memory makes my mouth water as I write. My friends, being trendier than I, had the seafood quiche and the chicken-olive salad and uttered similar sounds of satisfaction. The people here seem genuinely happy to see you, and they've blended a decor of sunny casualness into the upscale spirit of the New West. Breakfasts weekdays from 7:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. with items like a breakfast taco and crab Benedict in addition to the standards. In short, nice food in a nice atmosphere. Even a small wine bar tucked in a corner. The prices are safe—lunch for three left change from a twenty. Dinners of shrimp, chicken and steak run \$9 to \$12. We all left feeling we'd given ourselves a treat. 299-4500. —Cholesterol Kid.

Eegee's Twelve locations

Anywhere else, you might stop for a slush. Or a frozen lemonade. In Tucson, you say, "Gimme an Eegee's." Eegee's is a local success story: These two guys started selling slush out of a van at schools and kept getting hassled by the law, and now they operate a dozen stores in town, are taking on Phoenix, and have become an institution. In August, you really appreciate the feeling of lemon ice sliding down the back of your throat, but the familiar green and yellow shops offer much more now. They have a bunch of different sandwiches on torpedo-shaped Italian rolls, ranging from the Italian grinder with nine ingredients to all-American ham and turkey to a truly

decent meatball sub soaked in sauce and cheese (order it hot). The most expensive is \$2.49, and you can get half of one for about half the price. A quart of Eegee's—lemon, pina colada, strawberry and usually a surprise flavor—still costs less than a buck. The baby-boomers grew up on this stuff, but Eegee's is equally popular at the downtown location with older denizens. They make party orders, too. —Cholesterol Kid.

Flakey Jake's 247 S. Wilmot

Here's what you do, see: Get to the Buena Vista early so you can get a parking space; follow that irresistible aroma as you walk next door for a burger and fries, then get back to the theater in time to head the line for "Beverly Hills Cop II." Yeah, that's the ticket for summer. Jake's is sort of high-tech warehouse, with lots of flashy neon combined with exposed metal beams and ductwork overhead. To complete the casual feel, stacked cartons of ketchup and Bud Light and big bags of yellow onions and tomatoes are scattered about as part of the decor. The eating areas, though, are cozy with red-checked tablecloths, ceiling fans and classic movie posters. First thing you'll see, behind picture-window glass, are the rooms where Jake the Baker and Jake the Butcher bake their own buns and grind their own beef for fat, juicy patties cooked to order. The fun begins at the burger bar, where you build the Great American Burger your own way, choosing from all the usual condiments plus a few extras, like chunky home-made salsa. By the time you get to your table you won't believe all the food in front of you. There's also an exceptional salad bar including home-style potato salad with skins, crunchy rings of red bell pepper, and big cheesy croutons. Definitely a good place for families and kids. The two of us had one half-pound burger, one salad

bar and soft drinks for a ten-spot, and no tip was needed. They also have wine coolers and some imported beer. 745-5128. —Hungry Heart.

Hacienda del Sol Guest Ranch

5601 N. Hacienda del Sol Step through a mission-styled gate and back to the sleepy, soothing Southwest of a half-century ago. The feeling here, where there are giant agaves, shady porches with inviting benches, Mexican tiles and thick, smooth adobe walls splashed with turquoise accents, is more reminiscent these days of New Mexico than of high-tech Arizona. Built in 1929 with a design by one of Tucson's most charming early architects, Josias T. Joesler, the ranch—then with sixty acres of pristine foothills—was used for many years as an exclusive prep school for girls. In the '40s it became a guest ranch, welcoming such fans as Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Today it offers a simple, tasteful and relaxing dining room with huge picture windows facing the setting sun. If it weren't for the modern hotel and golf course of La Paloma spread across the neighboring hills, you might forget entirely that you're living in the '80s. We had Sunday brunch here, a suitably lavish spread including a whole smoked salmon, roast beef, shrimp, eggs Benedict, omelettes, the whole range of salads, delectable desserts, champagne and elegant background music from a grand piano, all for \$15 a person. Dinner is Continental, with a fixed price of \$24, including appetizer, soup, salad, sorbet and choice of rotating entrees such as Steak Diane and Veal Marsala. Be sure to try the specialty of the house: flaming dishes prepared at your table by restaurant manager Ernie. Service attentive, friendly, but unobtrusive. Sunday brunch 11:30-2:30, dinner 5-9 daily, lunch 11-2. AE, Visa. Reservations sug-

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WHERE TO HOWL

gested. 299-1501.
—Hungry Heart.

Cow Palace, Tubac (Ari-vaca Junction)

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Mountain View 1220 E. Prince

One day in the not too distant future the teenagers of today will be dining in the restaurants of tomorrow—and the cuisine might consist of spaghetti-o's and budget gourmet dinners—the stuff they grew up on. Now that Tucson has its share of nouvelle Southwestern chow, the latest rage is back to the glory days of the Great Lakes diner, and this restaurant is packing them in. The decor looks like a modernized Elks Club with a seating capacity that is banquet sized. Everything is beige and brown and comfortable. It's instant Illinois of your youth:

German-Czech origins with sides of dumplings and kraut. They wheel platters of meat loaf, mashed potatoes swimming in brown gravy, with a helping of vegetables in a small white dish. They serve lamb, roast duck, pork and beef. You can order a la carte or the full dinner, the price difference is approximately two bucks. Prices are moderate; \$5 to \$7 for a dinner. Steaks run a bit higher. I loved my meat loaf and all the accoutrements and my friend polished off the pork tenderloin and dumplings (a bit on the doughy side) and we both waddled out of the place feeling as though we had been through our last supper. But if you yearn for the days when mom cooked this stuff, you won't be disappointed. Mountain View is becoming well known among snowbirds—they now have a place to eat that is as close to home as they're going to get in the Old Pueblo. Don't miss. AE, Visa, MC. Wheelchair access. Non-smoking section. Sun.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Fri. and Sat. 'til 10 p.m. 293-0375. —Country.

In Cahoots St. Philip's Plaza River and Campbell

Not just a bar for the baby-boomer, upscale crowd: Here you also can have an

elegant dining experience (even if you're wearing Reeboks). The tournedos Tucson was delicious, featuring two 4-oz. servings of filet bathed in a beef sauce with a large mushroom placed on top of each, served with soup or salad. I had a salad that was colorful with small crunchy beans in it and a sweet ranch dressing. Choice of potato or rice pilaf and a vegetable that changes daily—this evening it was thinly-sliced zucchini, cooked perfectly, with just enough crunch that I knew there was fiber left in it. My friend had the N.Y. strip steak, a large hunk of meat cooked the way he ordered it. All red meat is choice cut. Seafood appetizers will appeal to anyone who is an oyster lover. They have platters of shrimp and crab as well as traditional American favorites with a Southwestern twist: mesquite veal chops, mesquite lamb chops, and smoked baby back ribs. Poultry entrees include duck. The dessert cart was wheeled around and I gave in to a white chocolate torte, with thick pieces of the gooey stuff covering a yellow moist cake. The only drawback is the prices. An average dinner without booze starts at \$16. Pasta dishes are available, and average out at \$8.50 meal. The atmosphere is leisurely, the serv-

ice attentive and if you like coffee, they refill it fast. Tables are covered in linen, the glasses are cut in crystal patterns, the silverware polished. If you're into doing the town, you can start here with dinner and get rid of the calories on the dance floor. Lunch and Dinner. Limited access. Non-smoking section. Major credit cards. 577-3223. —Country.

Rose Garden 3001 N. Campbell

Specializing in Mandarin, Sze-chuan & Cantonese cuisine, they serve up some of the best Chinese food in town. I've been coming here on a regular basis for the last five years and the food is consistently good. The best barbecue pork-fried rice around, rich in flavor and ingredients, without being an undercooked variety of Uncle Ben's 1-minute stuff. Over 85 entrees, ranging from Rose's specialties (Hundred Homing Birds—shrimp, scallops, chicken, pork and Chinese veggies in sauce) to Cantonese-style shrimp in lobster sauce. Average entree is \$7. Lunch specials are a bargain: sweet & sour shrimp, garlic chicken, B.B.Q. pork Cantonese with veggies and for the adventurous, General Tzo's chicken etc. at \$3.50 served with hot and sour

soup and steamed rice. A la carte entrees range from \$3.25-\$4.95 and include: mo shu pork, beef with black bean sauce. Put it this way, there isn't much they don't offer. Not a good place to go if you have a hard time making decisions. Food is delivered on silver carts by conscientious waitresses, deposited on the table steaming hot and overflowing the plate. You won't leave here hungry, and if you ask them not to put MSG in your food, chances are you won't be hungry two hours later. Small dining area of brown booths, it's an intimate but no-nonsense setting. Beer and wine. Wheelchair access. Lunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-9:30 p.m. Fri. 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Sat. noon-10 p.m. Sun. 12-9:30 p.m. Visa, MC. 327-5055. —Country.

Mi Casa

6335 E. Tanque Verde

Blue corn tortillas, which are to Northern New Mexico what green corn tamales are to Southern Arizona, finally have arrived here—but rather than in the humble cafe style we prefer, these have been "yupified" a la Santa Fe. That's okay, though. We have to admit that having an upscale Southwestern nouvelle restaurant—not unlike Berkeley's Santa Fe Grill or San Francisco's

Zuni Cafe—does make us feel like we've hit the big time. And the food here is wonderful, ranging from Mexican to fresh fish and seafood, all of it presented as an art form. Diners are encouraged to split each course so they can sample many, and we did—with the only drawback being the waiter's presumptuous insistence that we begin the meal with five forks and knives lined up by our plates as an indictment of our appetites. An appetizer of Coho salmon in puff pastry was very fine; a salad of papaya and endive was even better. Our steak tacos came with a side dish of corn, nondescript until we tasted it and found it to be scraped from a fresh, sweet cob. Moist swordfish was draped in tequila butter and flanked by crispy, tiny vegetables, arranged in a different design on each diner's plate. Desserts looked wicked but we just couldn't get to them. Hope this restaurant, redone in desert pastels and Arcosanti-style sculpture, thrives on its Wilmot/Tanque Verde corner that used to be home to Chaplins, The Looking Glass, et al. Can be quite expensive, depending on number of courses; most entrees in the \$8 to \$15 range. Open for lunch and dinner, except Mondays. 885-5310. —Hungry Heart.



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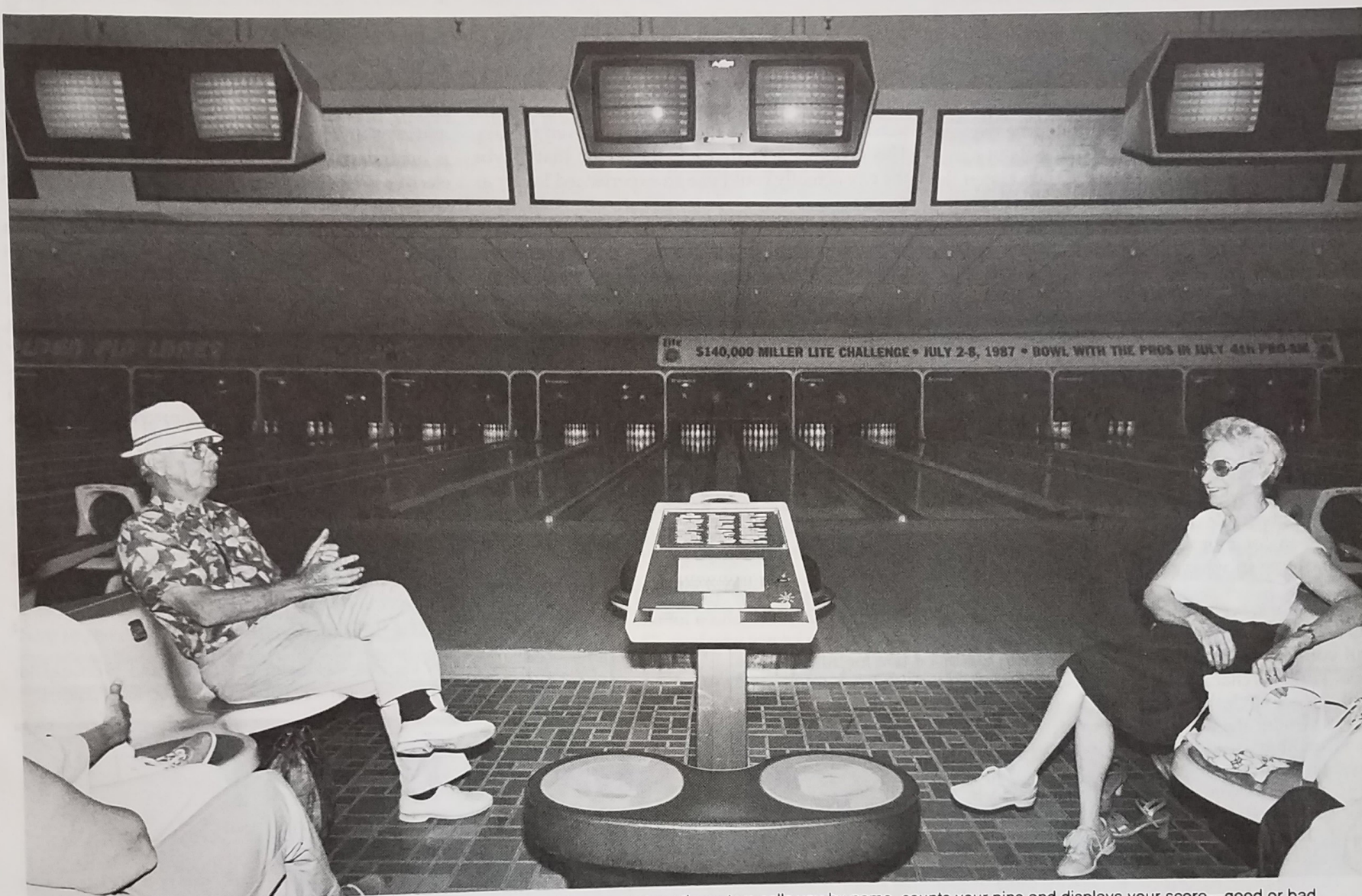
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D E S E R T

NOTES



No one gets stuck keeping score at Golden Pin Lanes anymore. The new automatic system calls you by name, counts your pins and displays your score—good or bad.

Tucson has more subscribers per capita to the magazine *Health and Prevention* than any other major American city. It ranks third in per-capita subscriptions to *Playboy* and *Penthouse* (combined), fourth in readership of *Cycle* and *Motorcyclist* magazines, fifth in subscriptions to *Flying*, a journal for small aircraft enthusiasts. And it comes in ninth in the number of library books loaned per capita.

And yet, according to *The Book of American City Rankings* (Facts on File Publications, New York), from which these tidbits were gleaned, our literate city comes in but 64th in newspaper circulation, per capita. On the latter list, Spokane inexplicably is first. In fifth place is the city that would seem to belong on top: New York.

Given our society's fascination with lists, and with putting everything in its slot so we can compare ourselves with others, this book provides an amusing survey of Tucson's demographics and character—provided we take it all with several grains of salt. For one thing, the book is four years old. But we'd have to wait until after the 1990 census to get more current information. It was compiled by The Council on Municipal Performance from 1980 census data fleshed out with additional research and surveys of cities and states, most of them self-reporting.

NAKED CITY

We ain't exactly curling up with National Geographic every night.

As for accuracy, some of the research results make perfect sense: Milwaukee comes in as the national bowling-alley capital, Omaha has the highest percentage of married women, and Salt Lake City has the most births per capita. But some of the lists seem screwy or misleading: Tucson, which doesn't make the list in numerous instances, does show up on the one for heaviest snowfall (coming in 64th out of 80 cities). And, like the lovely four-color pie charts in *National Lampoon's* parody of *USA Today*, the numbers here don't always add up when the lists are cross-referenced.

Still, it's possible to have some real fun using this book to trash Phoenix, and that's worth the \$14.95 price tag. So you always suspected Phoenix was just one big shopping mall? Yep, it makes the top three nationally in percentage of its labor force in retail trade. It has the fourth worst air pollution, behind L.A., New York, and the Riverside-San Bernardino-Ontario urban wasteland—all of which had un-

healthful air, according to federally-set standards, at least one-fifth of the year in 1981.

What kind of a city is Phoenix? Our desert neighbor is the 16th greediest consumer of water per capita (compared to 77th for Tucson); it comes in a full thirty places behind Tucson in library book readership; and it was Ronald Reagan's fourth biggest city (while Tucson was only No. 44 for him) in the 1980 presidential election.

But enough of this provincial fun. The fact is, Phoenixians could find a few digs in here against Tucson, as well. Based on the responses of city water resource officials to a questionnaire, Tucson took fourth place in 1981 for nitrates in water—a health concern for infants. Tucson, still awaiting the CAP, also ranked last out of 58 cities in future water availability, at the same time that it took third place in metro population growth.

Some of the stats are just plain fun. Under a weird category called "Women Anticipating Marriage," Tucson comes in almost last, with only 2.58 women per 1,000 population said to be anticipating marriage. Madison, Wisconsin, claims first place. This conclusion is based, rather shakily, on readership levels of two magazines which Tucsonans apparently have spurned—magazines devoted to wedding preparations. □

THE MAYOR'S RACE: IS IT OVER YET?

BY VERN LAMPLIT

I had the mayor's race figured out, but now I'm not so sure. When Mayor Lewis Murphy decided not to run for another term, I braced myself. Could this be true? What's going to happen to us? My worst fears soon were realized. That same day one Tucson television station began talking about something called "the Murphy Years." It then touted the upcoming race to replace as... "exciting." In the words of the seemingly immortal Harry Caray, "Holy Cow!" Did I unwittingly live through "the Murphy Years" without noticing? Little did I realize that passing out those styrofoam keys to the city and those commemorative copper letters added up to a political epoch.

Memories flood while recalling the Murphy Years. Possibly my fondest recollection is the Mayor welcoming Garrett AiResearch—to another town, Oro Valley.

You might read the above as a knock on Hizzoner, and you would be wrong. I was frankly disappointed when Lew chose not to run, since he was an unbeatable candidate. Without a sure thing, we are in for months of supercilious sludge and media hype in what is likely to be a meaningless race.

Murphy served honorably as a kind of father figure and personification of the city. And that, despite all you will read and hear to the contrary, was his job. Tucson's charter government is known in political-science circles as a city manager form of government. Under the city manager model, the mayor is just another council member with ribbon-cutting responsibilities.

The real power is in the city manager, who informs council of policy issues and directs the city staff. Tucson's mayor is in no way comparable to Chicago's Daley or New York's Koch.

The trouble is that many Tucsonans don't understand that. I was ready to propose that Lew Murphy be named King Lew I of Tucson and that we force him to continue to carry out those ceremonial duties to avoid the embarrassing spectacle of a mayoral election. Sort of like Prince Charles in a guayabera shirt. That way we could avoid a lot of pointless rhetoric about the future and direction of our city, stuff the mayor can't do anything about anyway. But I might be wrong.

I hesitate for two reasons. If Tucsonans want to believe that there is power in the mayor's office, then...like applauding for Tinker Bell to get well or Dorothy clicking her ruby-slippered heels to return to Kansas...then maybe belief makes it so. If there is no authority in the mayor's office, there might be the power to influence. It hasn't meant much to a Democratic council, and it certainly doesn't translate into public support. Murphy's outspoken support for the Speedway Tunnel didn't keep that issue from going down in flames.

But the council after November could be a very different group. Tom Volgy has already stepped down to run for mayor. His replacement in the lineup, Sharon Hekman of the county attorney's office, has no experience with elected office. Rudy Bejarano faces a strong primary challenge from fellow Democrat Bruce Wheeler; the winner there faces Republican opposition from John Hudak, who has no political experience. Brent Davis is stepping down.

Coupled with Chuck Ford's announcement that this is his last time around, all this means future team photos could be filled with unproven rookies. This gives some credence to the notion that maybe the city actually could use an experienced leader as mayor.

When you look at the free agent pool of who's running for mayor, you gotta wonder about the chances. The most experienced candidates are: on the Democratic side, Tom Volgy; for the Republicans, former police chief William Gilkinson. Only Volgy has gone nine innings. Obviously he sees an opening.

But the chief's experience as a department head and dealing with past city councils shouldn't be underestimated.

If either is elected, Volgy has the best chance for power because the council is likely to remain Democratic and Gilkinson's Rotarian "go, go, growth" cheers aren't likely to win council acceptance. Beyond those two, however, the starting rotation isn't very deep.

Businessman John Huerta will face Volgy in the Demo primary. He talks a lot like Volgy, but politically, no one knows who he is. That's not a prescription for influence.

George Borozan is the unknown anchorman. I've

known George for years because I worked for him. Everyone in town seems to recognize him, but then just can't place him. Unless you've got cable or the fingers of a safecracker, you can't get Channel 11, and even if you can, if you blink you'll miss him. He is an outspoken Republican who has never held elective office. A Democratic council is likely to swipe his passkey to the washroom.

Ed Finkelstein is a Republican Democrat. Or is it a Democratic Republican? He sporadically publishes a beacon of truth called the *Tucson Examiner*. In recent issues he has earnestly informed us that State Rep. Peter Goudinoff has another job (implying there was something shady about holding two part-time jobs) and featured the inside story of the Kennedy assassination. Enough said. Democrat Bilbo Baggins is head of the FUN church and took his name from *The Hobbit*. Enough said.

If Volgy becomes mayor, he could be heir to the influence-is-power idea. It's more likely he'll become the city's version of County Supervisor Sam Lena—presiding over unruly children.

For the rest of us, Axel Foley is back and playing Beverly Hills cops down at the air-conditioned Ri-alto. During the previews, let's hoist a diet soda to Murphy the Mayor.

Vern Lamplot has been a reporter and producer for Tucson television and has long watched local politics.

BACK IN COURT

Charges refiled in javelina caper.

In our May issue columnist Byrd Baylor wrote about "handcuffs for a javelina helper," the story of her son's bust by officers of the Arizona Game & Fish Department and the Department of Public Safety for alleged "possession of prohibited wildlife."

Baylor said her son had come across a butchered javelina during bow hunting season and had rescued its baby, "severely dehydrated, shaking, barely alive, still with the umbilical cord." He had nursed the baby javelina to health for about a month, she said, when he was arrested at his home. After he pleaded not guilty and insisted on a jury trial, Baylor reported, the county attorney's office had dismissed all charges.

Early last month we received this letter from T.W. Spalding, regional supervisor for Arizona Game & Fish: "I would like to correct the impression left by Byrd Baylor in the article...The charges against [her son] that were erroneously dropped by the county attorney's office were refiled on April 30...Your readers can obtain the trial date from the county

attorney's office or the Pima County Justice Court in Green Valley if they are interested in the other side of the story."

Spalding was on vacation and could not be reached for additional comment. But the assistant county attorney handling the case, Charles Jenkins, confirmed that Baylor's son Tony Stanley is to stand trial in Green Valley, probably this month, on a misdemeanor criminal complaint. The charge of possessing prohibited wildlife carries a maximum penalty of four months in jail and a \$750 fine.

Under state law, Jenkins explained, it is illegal to possess wildlife without a permit. Specific training and qualifications are required of those who hold such permits, and "there are probably only a couple of people in town with them," he added. The reasons behind the law, Jenkins explained, are at least twofold: "If people start keeping wildlife as pets, it creates a demand for the animals as a 'product,' if you will. And once a wild animal is domesticated to a certain degree, its ability to go back into the wild is impaired."

OUR TOWN

While almost every Tucsonan was affected in some manner [by the 1933 bank holiday]...the *Star* did something about it. [They] quickly devised a "Hoopole dollar"—scrip the size and shape of standard currency but with the image of Major Hoople, a funny-page figure, on the front. This scrip was accepted by the *Star* in payment of advertising bills and as a result *Star* advertisers were willing to accept them from any *Star* employee....The "Hoopole dollar" had such wide acceptance that the woman who ran Tucson's best house of prostitution authorized her girls to accept "Hoopole dollars."
—David F. Brinegar, in C.L. Sonnichsen's *Tucson: The Life And Times Of An American City*, 1982.

DESERT NOTES

PRESIDENT FORD?

Councilman Chuck may be one vote away from the Oval Office of Pima Community College.

Chuck Ford, who is leaving the City Council at the end of this year, is said to be just one vote away from becoming the next president of Pima Community College.

This well-placed rumor was making its way around town at press time, but when Ford was asked about it, he registered humble surprise: "Where? PCC? Really? Do you think I have a chance at that? I think it would be a great honor."

With a little prodding, however, the Democratic councilman soon acknowledged he has, indeed, planned to apply for the PCC presidency all along. "You're doggone right I plan to apply. I would be just delighted to work in this community."

One of the two tentative votes Ford reportedly has on the PCC Board of Governors (he'll need three) is Ed Wagner.

Wagner is running for the City Council seat Ford is retiring from after two terms. Ford endorsed Wagner right off the bat—"we're both good Democrats"—without waiting to see if anyone else would run in their party's September primary.

Now, Wagner allows, "At this time if Chuck were to apply, yeah, I'd probably vote for him [to take the PCC helm].... The man supported me, I know I'd support him. With his administrative experience and knowledge of education, and what he's done here in the community, I think he'd be an excellent president. But I don't know who else might apply.

And I'm only one vote."

Wagner had led the PCC board's criticism of outgoing president Jim Manilla. Now the community college expects to name a new president about the time Ford, an elementary school principal, will be "out of politics," and about the time Wagner hopes to be heading for his council seat.

"I've been around politics long enough to find this amusing," says Mark Webb, another member of the PCC board. "There is a certain connection that could be drawn there."

Both Wagner and Ford maintain, nonetheless, that no deals were made. "No discussion ever took place between us about the PCC position," says Wagner, suggesting whispers to the contrary probably were started by his political rivals.

There's more behind-the-scenes intrigue, too: the Ed Moore/Emil Franzi connection to the Pima Community College board. Franzi, political operative for County Supervisor Moore (Franzi claims it's the other way around), is reported to be doing campaign work for Wagner. He also is quietly touting Ford, saying PCC needs a Tucsonan at the top. Associates suggest Wagner is trying to get closer to Moore and his mega-bucks checkbook—and that Moore suddenly needs Wagner, too, if the supervisor is to hold onto the PCC influence he has enjoyed.

Moore and Franzi helped three other PCC board

members (a majority) get elected: Mark Webb, Janet Vasilius and Carole Miller. Recently, however, lawyer Webb has had a bitter falling-out with his former allies. His wife Helen had been Moore's administrative aide but was replaced by Franzi's wife, Kathleen. (Webb claims Franzi—who owes his own Pima County job to political patronage—was down on him for not coming through with a "pork" post at the college for one of his political allies. But Franzi contends Helen Webb just wasn't doing the job Moore needed.) In addition, Vasilius is said to be drifting apart from Moore/Franzi.

That leaves Miller, who works with Franzi in a county employees' association and is rumored to hold Ford's second vote at this point. (She did not return *City Magazine's* phone calls.)

All board members stress there's a nationwide search going on through official channels to find the best candidates for the PCC helm, and they will honor it. Meanwhile, however, Ford appears to have a rival in University of Arizona Vice President George Cunningham, whom Webb is pushing for the job. Cunningham worked with Webb when Webb was student-body president at the UA, but he faces at least one major problem—he doesn't hold a doctorate, while Ford does (in education administration). Interim PCC President Diego Navarette also is expected to have a shot at the permanent job. —Norma Coile



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INDEPENDENCE DAY

After the Iron Curtain, even a Tucson laundromat looks good.

BY KEN HARTS

Three years ago come this May, Carré was a sixteen-year-old living and working in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Her troupe's specialty was designing and utilizing satirical puppets to entertain the people. "Puppets really draw the crowds," she explains, "Somehow they can recite poems, play music and perform plays that are normally forbidden." Carré is sitting on my couch, arms wrapped around her neck with her feet up on the table.

In Czechoslovakia, all public performances are cleared by government censors. The law reads "all public acts must be viewed as having needed social values." After one performance, Carré and her two friends were dragged off and held for seventy-two hours. "For these crimes," she emphasizes by poking me in the chest, "you will go to jail, maybe five years, maybe longer." She shakes her head in disgust, yawns, and falls sound asleep on my couch.

I first met Carré in the neighborhood laundromat. This five-foot six-inch woman is stunning, her words soothing, almost lyrical. Desperately trying to remain cool while I change her dollar, I end up dropping the money in her wash and she laughs as I dig for the wet bill. She holds out her blanket and asks if I wouldn't mind helping her fold it.

The next day, Carré, her puppy and I walk downtown. Her curiosity is boundless as we check out every store. Thrifty's offer of thirty-cent ice cream nails us. Carré leads us to the park where she greedily devours her pistachio ice while reflecting back on those last days in Prague.

As spring approached, the shows went on but with the earlier arrests and the constant harassment, Carré's close comrade, Kayo, began talking of escape. They started gathering the necessary papers, clothing, maps and currencies—including five, almost impossible to obtain, American dollars. After their twilight performance, they planned to travel legally to Hungary, somehow get to Yugoslavia, swim one highly illegal mile, and land on Italian soil. There they would head for the American Embassy and petition for political asylum.

They stripped off their clothing and buried it inland to confuse the dogs. Carré hoped if they were caught they would be lucky and die painlessly.

They made it to Yugoslavia with little trouble, and camped near the point where the map indicated the swim to Italy. After gathering wood, they spotted sentry towers—towers miles from where the map said they should be. Up ahead two guards with automatic weapons and big flashlights were trashing their camp. The sentries left but would be back soon with bloodhounds. Carré and Kayo improvised.

They stripped off their clothing and buried it inland to confuse the dogs. Carré hoped if they were caught they would be lucky and die painlessly. They jumped into the choppy, cold water and swam toward Italy.

They swam for three or four hours in the numbing water. "A few more minutes," she confides, "and we would have accepted defeat." But they reached shore, shivering, naked and more dead than alive. The authorities took them to an official looking building, interrogated them for several hours and then issued blankets and soup. Then they were reinterviewed. Carré and Kayo screamed "political asylum" in three languages.

After forty-eight hours, they were issued clothing and sent under guard to Rome where they were locked up in a camp of displaced people. Once again they made plans to escape. In the middle of their eighth night in Italy, they scaled the fence and headed for West Germany where they had friends. They walked, ran and hitched the back alleys of

Europe, finally reaching Bonn. They formally applied at the U.S. Embassy for political asylum.

She pauses, then whispers, "I don't want to hurt or offend you, nor can I downgrade this good country."

We go to the Bullpen, a bar at Prince and Romero Road. She continues her story:

Carré went to the West German authorities—Kayo refused to take the risk—and was immediately accorded legal status and a modern apartment, food allowance, medical and dental care. Back at the Bullpen, Carré lifts her drink to the West Germans.

The weeks dragged into months with no word from the U. S. Embassy. Kayo was arrested for public drunkenness and made a legal resident. Fourteen months after her first application, the green light came from the United States.

Carré finally was processed and entered the U.S. where she got a cordial briefing, a warm handshake, \$200 and big congratulations. She was confident she would make her fortune. Leaving the Bullpen, we lift our glasses sky high to confidence, luck, and these United States.

Tucsonan Ken Harts has an affinity for the underdog.

QUESTIONS

Gilkinson asks why allegations weren't investigated.

Former Tucson police chief William Wilkinson said allegations against Councilman Rudy Bejarano, reported by *City Magazine* in April, helped him make up his mind to run for mayor. He also questioned why the city wasn't looking into the complaints.

The article quoted two women who alleged Bejarano sexually harassed them while they were working for his City Council office. The names of the women were not used in the article, at their request, because they said they feared reprisals. Bejarano is adamant that the allegations are false.

Gilkinson said the article caused a ripple of controversy through the community. He added, "I was feeling very sad that the women, for whatever personal reasons, were afraid to come forward" to file official complaints through available government channels. "I would think our city employees should have every right, if they feel they have been discriminated against or harassed, to complain... certainly against elected officials. They aren't sacred."

If such allegations had been raised against a police department employee while he was chief, Wilkinson said, "We would have caused an internal investigation to be made to determine the facts....It's a shame if they (city administrators) are not going to act on this, when we would have been activating an investigation against a lower-level employee on the streets. If we do this to city employees at the lowest level, why not expect more from those at the highest level?" He said he wants to restore confidence in the system.

Gilkinson, who as a Republican is a natural political critic of Democrat Bejarano and the current

Democratic majority on the council, said the article "just reminded me that Mr. Bejarano had also been the most frequent user of the city credit card...and of [his] arrogance—the unreasonable attitude he had, talking to me or some of my subordinates, when we had business before the council. Tucson is at a crossroads—we have a unique opportunity to replace some elected officials."

Before he retired as police chief in 1981, Wilkinson had come under fire from council Democrats, including Bejarano, over complaints by black and Hispanic officers about hiring and promotion policies. Two-term Bejarano is the only councilman seeking re-election this year.

The City of Tucson has a formal mechanism, through the city manager's and city attorney's offices, for sexual harassment complaints. Official complaints also may be forwarded to the state attorney general's office. In a recent interview, City Manager Joel Valdez said no women have come forward to talk or complain to him about alleged sexual harassment by Bejarano. "I have no knowledge. All I've heard is what I read in your story. Nothing has been filed with me; no women have come to me."

Valdez stressed that he does not believe in and would not accept "off-the-record," or anonymous, allegations of sexual harassment.

Tom Wilson, speaking for the city attorney's office, said there have been no complaints filed there "that I am aware of." A spokesman for the state attorney general's civil rights division said sexual harassment complaints are confidential unless they end up in court.

CHAMBER CHALLENGE

Businesswoman wonders why there are only guys on the good will committee.

The same week the United States Supreme Court opened Rotary Clubs to women, a local businesswoman was told by the Tucson Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce that the committee she wanted to join is "guys only."

Mary Jondrow, production coordinator for Advantage Business Graphics, remembers that timing because she was so struck by the irony. "I didn't know anyone was naive enough to say anything like that anymore. I thought to myself, 'well, this must be the Wild West.'" Chamber president Jack Camper now says it was all a mistake—Jondrow got the wrong information.

Jondrow had called the chamber, of which she is a member, because she was interested in joining Caballeros del Sol, a group working to "create goodwill and improve trade relations between Tucson and other cities." That sounded to her like the best committee to be on since her company hoped to make contacts and attract new clients outside the city. But the woman who answered the chamber phone reportedly told her, "Gee, I don't know, that's guys only." Jondrow said she was transferred to a second chamber employee who added, "But there are plenty of other committees you might be on...."

Jondrow said she didn't pursue the matter because "you'd have to stay in there and duke it out...."

Any time you have an attitude like that in an organization, to me it indicates there's a deeper problem. It's just the good ol' boys' club and they pass business around. If business people (outside of Tucson) have contact only with men, who do you think they're going to do business with?"

When *City Magazine* called the chamber to ask about Jondrow's complaints, Camper was vacationing in San Diego and could not be reached. But Steve Vierck, vice president of economic development, took the call and acknowledged that Caballeros del Sol is "men only."

"I don't think it's going to be that way forever," he said. "It's not in the bylaws; I think it's mostly because of tradition. It has been that way a long time. Times are changing, and I think it is going to become a men's and women's group. I would hope."

The group was started thirty years ago as the Sunshine Climate Club, he explained. When it merged with the chamber in the 1960s, "the club's board of directors became Caballeros del Sol, and it was an all-male group." Today the committee has about forty members who pay their own way, about \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year, to promote Tucson in such places as Mexico, Alaska and California. They call their chairman "El Jefe," the Spanish phrase, male in

gender, for The Chief.

Vierck said he has never known a woman to ask to get on the committee. But he acknowledged that a woman who calls and is told it is a men's group might take that information as an automatic rejection. "I'd better have Jack Camper call you. He's really our spokesman, and this is a sensitive issue."

Camper called a few days later. "Some of our employees don't know what's going on, apparently, with some of our committees....," he said. "I don't know who told her [Jondrow] that. That's not accurate at all. We don't discriminate; if a woman wanted to apply, she would be eligible, provided she was the manager, owner or an executive of her own company and had the resources to pay her travel expenses. She'd have to have a member to sponsor her, or we'd go straight to the membership committee for her."

It is possible, he said, that women have been discouraged from applying, and that disappoints him. "Our front-desk person or anyone else ought not to make any assumptions. They should have referred the call to me. I'll see to it that [a woman's application] goes straight to the membership committee."

In that case, Jondrow says, "I probably would apply. I wouldn't necessarily feel welcome, however."

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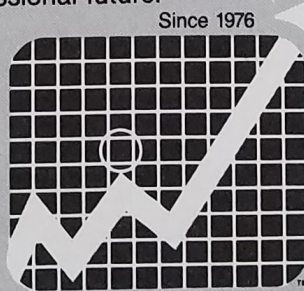
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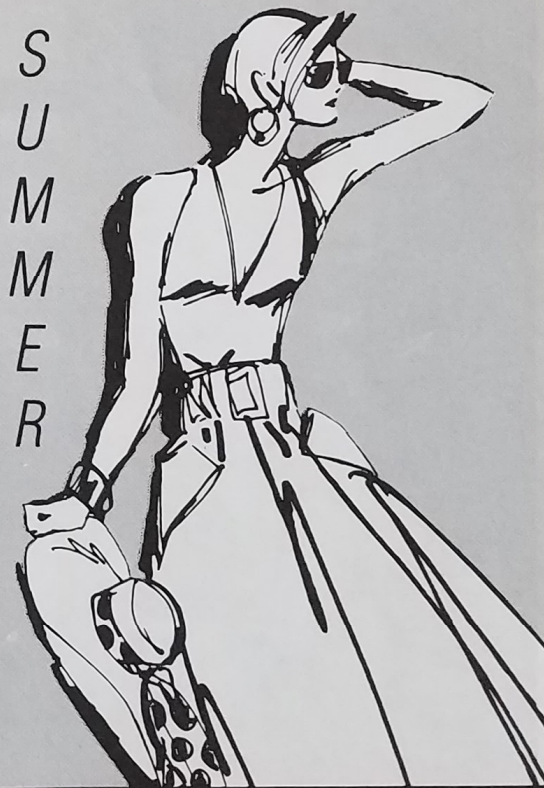


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One of the magnificent views at Westin La Paloma.

PALM SPRINGS, ARIZONA

JUST AS WE WERE GEARING UP TO BECOME THE NEXT SILICON VALLEY, SOME RESORT BUILDERS FIGURED OUT IT WAS EASIER TO SELL AN EXPENSIVE TAN.

The Dayton-Hudson chief executives are blasé. Accustomed to lavish conventions and international jet-setting, little about luxury fazes them. So when they handed the Westin La Paloma a blank check and five weeks' notice to devise an innovative dinner party for a 1986 meeting in Tucson, it was a big challenge to the infant resort. Dayton-Hudson hardly expected to be upstaged.

The resort cloned Rick's Cafe Americain and produced an evening in Casablanca where Miss Elsa made film history. When Ingrid Bergman parted her lips and breathily whispered, "Play it, Sam," forty-four years earlier, she probably wasn't even dreaming about an elegant revival '80s style at La Paloma. But Gary Lind, the resort's manager of food and beverages and the creative whiz who dreamed up this theater party, scanned "Casablanca" dozens of times, advancing it frame by frame and photographing each scene. Fifteen thousand dollars and five weeks later, a carpenter and crew had fabricated an elaborate image of Rick's.

The result—in an industry characterized by stale ideas—was a twenty-five thousand dollar, four-hour dinner extravaganza for forty members of the elite corps of the Dayton-Hudson Corporation, owners of Target and Mervyn's and other retail outlets.

Intricately painted canvas backdrops hung be-

FOR A PRICE, TUCSON'S DESTINATION RESORTS WILL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

hind thick white arches, bringing to life forty scenes from the film. Serving the bedecked executives and their bejeweled wives were waiters outfitted in shimmering black jackets, long white gloves and white bistro aprons that floated down past their knees. The Moroccan feast included ornate bowls brimming with tomato, parsley, cucumber and olives, hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, kabob and grilled Mediterranean fish, roasted chicken, broiled lamb and beef entrees. And that didn't include dessert. Three dozen palms were backlit, gold runners lay like carpet across the tables and all the ceramic bowls were specifically made for this occasion. They were rimmed in black with handpainted Moroccan miniature illustrations on the borders. In the background, a pianist's fingers glided over the keys of the black baby grand playing Gershwin and other gracious pop hits of the '30s.

Even these corporate moguls, who live in a world of routine million-dollar expenditures and are used to the gilded hand of privilege, were floored. For a

price, Tucson's destination resorts will make your dreams come true.

In the lingo of the times, a "destination resort" is a place where people flock because all amenities exist on the premises. They're mini-cities, replete with boutiques, multiple restaurants, waterfalls, pools, recreational facilities, entertainment, concessions and an old-fashioned standard of excellence.

In "Casablanca" Claude Rains asks Humphrey Bogart, "What in heaven's name brought you to Casablanca?" Bogart replies, "My health. I came to Casablanca for the waters." "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert," says Rains. "I was misinformed" is Bogart's conclusion. Likewise, no beachfront waters exist across the rugged terrain of the Santa Catalina Mountains, but the five destination resorts that string across the foothills in Tucson have dibs on the most spectacular scenery in town. Gambel's quail, gray fox, coyotes and rattlesnakes still cavort around mesquite trees, sagebrush and saguaros, but now they also zig-zag around the architectural wizardry of new multi-million dollar retreats.

Just as Tucson was warming up to become a center for high-tech, the resort and hotel builders threw a quick curveball and slid tourism into the number one industry—changing the economics of our town. In 1987, revenues generated from tourism are pro-

Written and Photographed by Laura Greenberg

jected at \$1.4 billion—the money visitors will spend for lodging, meals, shopping and entertainment; and the payrolls they create.

In early 1982 Tucson had one major destination resort, Westward Look. Later that year, the Sheraton El Conquistador opened, followed by Loews Ventana Canyon and Westin La Paloma. The new big boys on the hill inspired renovation and expansion of Tucson National into an expensive

spa, joining the number one fitness spa in the country—Canyon Ranch, which opened in 1979—an assortment of dude ranches, midtown inns and more new hotel rooms than fast-food joints. Like restaurant rows, they compete, but also prosper from each other's company. As each new resort springs up—sometimes over the howls of environmentalists—investors from in and out of town continue the serious business of charting how

viable a market Tucson can become. Three more are planned in the Tortolitas and Rancho del Rio, next to the Tack Room, has announced a \$30 million expansion.

What does this mean to Tucson? For openers, tourism now supports 40,000 jobs in Tucson. University of Arizona economist Gerald Swanson says each tourist dollar circulates seven times, and every job created by the tourist industry spawns another

job and a half in services. The resorts alone employ 2,648 people full time (by this calculation resorts create 3,972 jobs in addition to staff). Most of the resort jobs are low-paying, but Swanson says they're better than no jobs at all. In fact, the resorts are about the only new game in town right now.

Second is national visibility. Pick up any travel magazine and you'll see an inviting picture in saturated technicolor of one of Tucson's new resorts. It's solid advertising the city couldn't dream up or afford. The impact is just beginning to creep up on us. Is the perception of the Old Pueblo changing from a large town steeped in tradition to a small cosmopolitan city that's doing a fast flash at imitating Palm Springs? And are these decisions being made by big players from out of town looking for a destination to park their resort?

Tourism is an invisible industry because the community doesn't have to provide jobs, schools, houses, cops or psychiatrists for tourists. You bring visitors in, show off the city's highlights and send them on their merry way with a dark tan and a deep smile—and their money left behind. The resorts are almost more visible out-of-town where the selling is done to convention planners, tourist bureaus and travel agencies.

According to the U.S. Travel and Data Center, Arizona has climbed to the number two attraction for travel writers, an economic indicator of who's hot and who's not. Only Hawaii outpaced us. David Radcliffe, executive director of the Metropolitan Tucson Convention and Visitors Bureau, an agency that works with the hotels and resorts to promote tourism, says he and his sales staff of six have aggressively sought travel writers throughout the country because "the written word with a byline is more credible than a paid ad." In the last year, Radcliffe alone traveled 247,000 air miles vigilantly seeking potential visitors.

Take a walk across the foothills.

The Westward Look, located on the northwest side is as old as statehood. The fifteen-cabin estate was home to the Winston family in 1912. In business over forty years, it was once Tucson's top-notch getaway. With its recent \$6.5 million facelift, the famed retreat is staging a comeback and now has 244 rooms and suites. Peak season rates range from \$120-\$275, but drop to \$55-\$130 during the lazy days of summer. The check-in desk has three golden clocks—and they'll tell you the time in Tucson, Chicago and New York.

This resort now has its own style. Once an oasis of Spanish decor, they've gone California-tech with overstuffed furniture and fancy walls of



The waterfall at Loews Ventana Canyon can be seen from the deck of the presidential suite.

glass that cut up the design—just enough to make you want to wander around a corner. Chef John Simic, a venerable Westward Look institution (he has been there fifteen years), has attained local acclaim for his gourmet offerings in the Gold Room. Weekends feature lively jazz concerts for guests and locals. General manager John Dailey is most interested in making the resort Tucson's favorite relaxation, rather than going after a national market.

Loews Ventana Canyon, developed at a rumored \$60 million—the golf and racquet club cost another \$13 million—graces a 94-acre setting adjacent to Sabino Canyon and the Coronado National Forest. As you drive the winding road into the resort, the first clue is a bright yellow traffic sign with a deer rearing back on its hind legs. No raging pedestrians, no cars exhaling plaque. Serenity.

Ventana has 366 guest rooms, twenty-six suites and two presidential suites. Peak season rates for double occupancy range from \$160-\$190 a night. Suites start at \$350 and reach \$1,000 for the presidential. During summer, rooms drop to \$70 a night.

Huge amethyst geodes atop a heavy white table center the lobby. Soft couches in earth tones and natural fabrics rest elegantly on floors of native flagstone, adorned with imported carpets. And at dusk, the sun slants in through the two-story sheets of glass in the lounge, casting "crazy-quilt" patterns across intimate sitting areas. This is the place to stare out to magical views of the mountains. A nature trail through the foliage sets the scene for the grand finale: a tricked-up, eighty-foot waterfall that collects into a pool and then travels down a stream and under the resort to another and much larger body of water at the entrance of the main building. Environmental box office.

General manager John Thacker is gearing Ventana toward conventions and couples with disposable income. He says the resort is "close to the customer" and he proves it every Monday, Wednesday and Friday during a general manager's run along mountain trails. Anyone can meet the boss—if they're willing to run at 6:45 a.m.

Across town, on the far northwest, is the El Conquistador, estimated to have been built for 50 million dollars when it opened in late 1982. Situated under the soaring cliffs of Pusch Ridge on 150 acres of high, rolling desert—home to the last remaining band of bighorns in the Tucson valley—the 440-room resort was the first newcomer to take the big gamble in the Tucson market.

Doormen dressed like American spinoffs of a Mexican matador open the heavy brown carved portals to a two-tiered lobby, where copper murals in pastels on the second level play against primary colors everywhere

else. The emphasis is grand, but casual. A blue-tiled fountain is set beneath a curving stairway to the second floor, spilling water through carved ceramic masks. Much of the furniture and coverings were custom made in Mexico, and many of the rugs and chairs have fabrics with more than four hundred chromatic combinations.

Sheraton is the only destination resort to have horseback riding on its property—despite astronomical insurance costs—and this sets them apart from the others. General manager Yogi Hutson markets the Sheraton for conventions and as a family getaway. Peak season rates start from

\$140-\$160 (double occupancy); suites are \$170-\$180. During our long hot spell, rates plummet to a mere \$55-\$70 per night; suites from \$85-\$90. Although less than four years old, the hotel is undergoing a \$3 million renovation to "mature and stay fresh," Hutson says. There is the pressure of the newer and glitzier resorts.

Farther west, on a 650-acre site in the Cañada del Oro valley, is the Tucson National Resort and Spa, once an exclusive country club with a blue-blooded clientele and a championship golf course. Recently renovated for \$18 million, it now markets itself as the new "La Costa," after the California spa that caters to the very, very

rich and famous. A guard insures privacy from a gatehouse shaped like a tomb. There are 170 deluxe villas and suites with private balconies or patios. Peak season rate for double occupancy is \$150 a night with suites at \$180. During summer, rooms are \$55 and suites \$75.

Touting itself as a sybaritic citadel, the spa offers such physical tricks and treats as a sixteen-jet water pounding that increases skin tone and circulation; a steam cabinet that allows just your head to stick out, but melts the pounds away if you're willing to sweat it out; or a salt glow that sloughs off dead skin cells. The most unusual machine is the Panthermal—the spit-



Primitive antiques from the European countryside.



FURNITURE and ACCESSORIES

St. Philip's Plaza, Suite 43



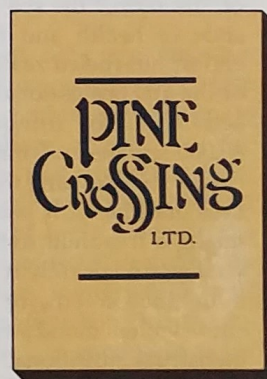
Campbell & River



Tucson, Arizona



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ting image of an iron lung. Few of these exist in the country. But if you want a treatment that will rid your body of cellulite, this is the tube to stuff yourself into. Managing director Ralph Woodsworth insists that Tucson National is more exclusive than the other destinations.

In the center of town, high in the foothills, is Westin La Paloma, considered by general manager Andrew MacLellan to be "Tucson's only real destination resort because it manages not just the hotel but the golf and tennis facilities as well." Built for a whopping \$100 million plus, it has the largest number of rooms—487 in twenty-eight different buildings—and two presidential suites, one 2,200 square feet. Peak season double occupancy rates range from \$185-\$215; suites start at \$400 and escalate to \$1,100 for the presidential. Summer offers a discount to \$95 with suites dropping to \$275-\$1,000. But for Tucsonans, or anyone else aware of it, they're offering a special summer room rate of \$75.

La Paloma, meaning "the dove" (its insignia is emblazoned in pastel pink everywhere), is nestled at the base of the foothills on 790 acres of prime real estate and is perhaps the most palatial and cosmopolitan looking resort in town. It boasts the largest ballroom in the Southwest, at 42,000 square feet, bigger than a football field. If you don't look out the windows, you could be in Paris, New York or Monaco.

Cross through the flamingo pink entrance and you're in a world of instant glamour and sensory overload of marble, glass and hand-crafted furnishings. The three-story lobby is covered with carpet imported from England in desert hues. Silk throw pillows are strategically placed on soft sofas covered in natural and nubby fabrics. On the second tier in the bar area, stare out over the highly-lacquered finish of the baby grand piano through beveled glass windows and you'll see the jagged mountain tops rising above moonlight shimmering across the pool. This is some backyard.

Just up the road is Canyon Ranch Spa, which opened its doors in December, 1979, on sixty-plus acres near Sabino Canyon. Disdaining the label of "fat farm," the spa preaches a lifestyle of health and fitness—not by endorphin-fueled zealots but by state-of-the-art professionals. The hub of activity is the ultramodern spa, a 40,000-square-foot building that includes the latest and the greatest in fitness machinery. If you don't feel like taking a treadmill test, you can have your astrological chart done, sunbathe nude (not co-ed), or learn how to curve violent mood swings with a premenstrual nutritional plan. The spa has fifty-plus masseuses—more than any other resort in the country. The average guest uses twenty-seven pieces of linen a day.

But the exclusive part of the Can-



In the kitchen at Ventana Canyon.

yon Ranch aura is its hiking program, which has given the ranch an unrivaled reputation. When Phyllis Hochman led her first hike on the last day of 1979, there weren't many takers. Now there's a waiting list. Hochman concludes that hiking is so popular because it's a real experience, with the mountain providing the resistance as well as majestic views. Hochman wears out a pair of Red Wing hiking shoes every eighteen months or so. In her office are two shelves clustered with heavy boots, tagged with the names and number of miles hiked, stored by serious hikers and glitterati who keep returning.

The majority of people who come to Canyon Ranch are well-heeled urbanites willing to pay \$2,000—\$3,000 a week. In summer, the ranch offers major discounts, but in peak season they've been turning down thirty people a day. That demand is fueling a \$12 million expansion.

Actually, Tucson has long fashioned itself as a destination resort. If you want to take a trip back to the real old days in the foothills, Hacienda del Sol on thirty-five acres of untamed desert near La Paloma is like visiting

town forty years ago. The entrance courtyard has a fountain with a statue of a man in prayer. Goldfish slosh around and occasionally the water appears to burp. And there are flowers everywhere, a living Van Gogh. There are only forty-nine rooms (and two small houses) and the amenities don't stretch to include fancy products. But you get excellent food, a genuine homey atmosphere and privacy.

Only recently have they added television sets. Years ago, when Clark Gable, Rita Hayworth and families the likes of the Colgates and Spauldings made this place a home away from home, it was a premiere destination resort; guests often stayed as long as four months. The dark wood library is crammed full of old books, often signed by the authors. Leather chairs, having borne the tired bodies of many, sit next to reading lamps that give off a burnt umber light. Original Mexican furniture and old-style paintings line the walls of this once fancy girls school. The owners are renovating, bringing in experts who specialize in authentic reproduction. And they still offer horseback riding on the property; La Paloma sends its guests to

Hacienda for trail rides. Frank Fine, general manager, wants everyone in Tucson to experience Hacienda del Sol.

Resorts operate 365 days a year, twenty-four hours a day. They take no vacations; they are the vacation. Sheraton's electric bill runs more than a half a million dollars a year—that cost alone could probably light up El Salvador. The leisure business is driven by ulcers, hidden by an ultra-bright smile and the patience of a saint. There is the constant challenge to outdo the resort next door—which might get your business because a bellman frowned.

The concierges—the guest services departments—are the heartbeat behind keeping the customer happy. Give them a request and they'll slog through hell to grant it. Across the board, they are smiling, gracious and dead serious about their business.

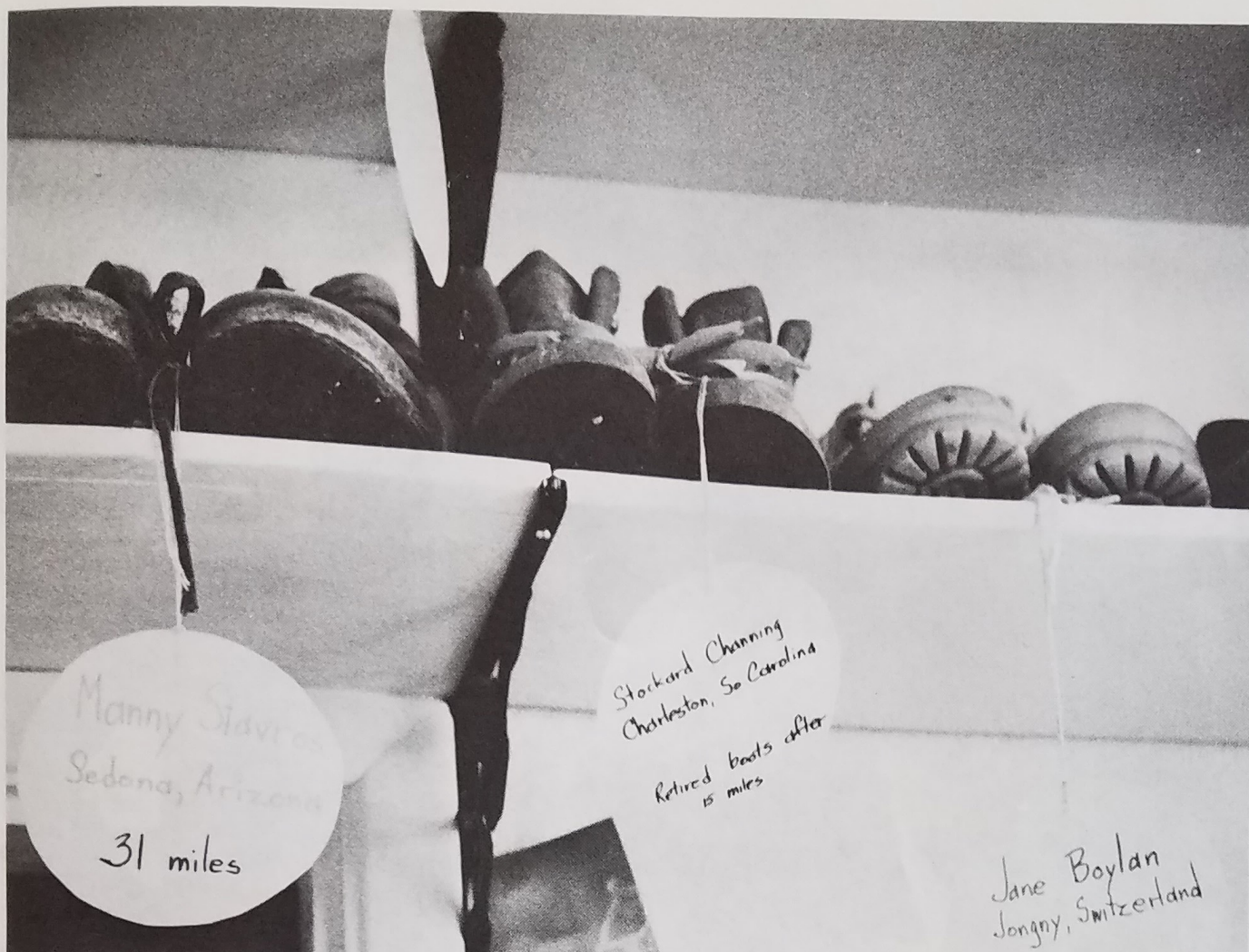
At Ventana Canyon, the concierge leans across her desk and whispers that a woman desperately needed a slip because she had a last minute conference to attend. The malls and boutiques were already closed, so the concierge literally gave this woman the "slip off her back." Ventana's lost-and-found department could keep most of us in haute-couture clothing, cosmetics and jewels for a year. A woman left behind a priceless diamond necklace and never called. They tracked her down and mailed it to her.

If you want a VCR in your room, for an additional \$55 dollars a day, they'll install it. But they'll also tell you that just up the road you can rent one for five bucks a day, but you have to install it.

Across town at the Westward Look, a woman decided not to attend a dinner. So the party she was with played a practical joke by sneaking into her room and depositing a dead duck in her toilet. She called the concierge to get it out.

Over at the Sheraton, the manager of the concierge desk received a call from the president of a nudist club requesting a large number of rooms and use of the pool au naturel. She referred him elsewhere. Another time a myopic pilot attempted to land his plane on the third tee of the golf course. And there was the woman who remarked that her "bowels have never moved better than since she started eating their apples" from the fully stocked bowl on the service desk.

How far will the resorts go to please their guests? During Passover, sixty Jewish families arrived for a week to enjoy the holiday and the Sheraton cordoned off half the kitchen and flew in a Rabbi to supervise the lengthy preparation of Kosher food. As the concierge repeats story after story, she is also making reservations for eight at El Charro and telling Mrs. Smith that a tennis lesson can't be scheduled at 6 p.m., but she can have one at 1 p.m.



Hiking shoes parked by the rich and famous at Canyon Ranch.

Consistently, the resounding question asked by visitors is, "What can we do in Tucson today?"

Old Tucson, Sabino Canyon and the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum thrive off the resorts. Business has increased for all.

Resorts are the intangible land of dreams, made sleek by the need for instant gratification. There is no price tag attached to making people's fantasies come true. Westward Look's Dailey smiles and says, "Service is remembered long after the price."

An effective general manager and a gung-ho sales force will make or break a resort. Tucson's general managers are slick, highly intuitive, and specialize in the art of deflection, answering questions with a question. They set the example for their employees. As they take long strides across their lavish grounds, they pick up litter, check lists of conventions and events being held and fluff up silk pillows.

Most resorts keep a log book of the most unusual happenings and requests—they read like a "Foul-ups, Bleeps, and Blunders" TV show. You have to smooth a lot of feathers in this business.

At the same time that one man was calling for his rental car for a drive to Nogales, another was calling for his private auto for the trip home. The first man collected his "rental" and headed for Nogie, not even curious

about the old soda cans and McDonald's wrappers strewn inside. The other man, upon finding that a rental car was waiting instead of his car, was, to put it mildly, displeased. La Paloma sent a driver to Nogales, retrieved the car and everything worked out just fine.

Or there was the bride dressed in white, the wedding going off without a hitch on the ninth tee at Tucson National when the computerized sprinkler system suddenly blitzed on, sending jets of water over the wedding party, the bride and the catered food. She took it in stride. Tucson National has replaced the sprinkler system.

At the Sheraton, when the staff threw a farewell party for a transferred employee who had a reputation as a womanizer, they hired a transvestite for the evening. This Marilyn Monroe look-alike draped "herself" all over the man, and, inebriated, he responded in kind. The staff hooted and howled until the man figured out the joke was on him. He didn't quite take that in stride.

And at Westward Look, the water main on Oracle burst, leaving the hotel without water for twenty-four hours on a sizzling hot day. Guests brought their soaps and shampoos and bathed in the swimming pools.

Celebrities are coming to Tucson in droves. Canyon Ranch attracts many and is paranoid about protecting their privacy. Tom Selleck has been there, so has Barbra Streisand. The latter is described as demanding—wanting individual attention and a twenty-

four-hour guard stationed at her door. Jane Fonda takes in the spa to check out the latest crazes in the fitness world. Even Arizona's own Erma Bombeck goes to Canyon Ranch. One masseuse recalls her as real funny, a woman who "loved the ranch but couldn't stand the food because she was a meat-and-potatoes lady herself."

When Liz Taylor and George Hamilton strutted into town to film "Poker Alice" at Old Tucson, the violet-eyed madam demanded that the limousine she was using be stripped of its tinting so she could put on her make-up in natural light. Liz and George stayed at Tucson National where Liz ate in the Fiesta Room only once—by herself—preferring to cook her meals in her room. Hamilton, a bit more daring, ate right along with everyone else. And when Christie Brinkley and husband Billy Joel were in town for his concert tour, they played golf-cart tag on the champion course to the dismay of the Tucson National management, who quickly put a halt to their antics.

At the Sheraton, former President Gerald Ford and his Secret Service entourage settled, appropriately, into the presidential suite when he was in town for just a few hours to give a speech to a convention. Chevy Chase, Steve Martin and Martin Short hung out at Ventana during a recent movie shoot. Avid tennis players, Martin and Chase hammed it up together, walking into the tennis facilities with floppy hats, large sunglasses and all-white tennis outfits, registering under

the name Smith. Everyone knew, of course, but in this business you pretend you don't. Chase did an act of good faith for Tucson—he made a cash donation to KUAT. And Martin strutted around in garish clothing, hot neon colors, advertising who he was. A bellman recalls being in the elevator with Lesley Anne Warren, who was clinging to her boyfriend, it seemed, in fear of the ride up. A maid remembered another star: "Yes, Lorne Greene. He was nice, but real old and kind of deaf."

At La Paloma, Audrey Hepburn requested a room on the ground floor so her small dog wouldn't fall off a balcony. But the biggest thrill for the folks at Westin was Stevie Wonder. He arrived in a chartered bus with his crew, and the hotel staff was told to play it cool. As soon as he got out of the bus, the entire food-and-beverage clan stood wide-eyed and stared, knowing if they were quiet they could get away with it.

Water is the Muzak of the major resorts. Their pools and fountains are so blue you might think you're drowning in Paul Newman's eyes. At Westin, you can swim up to the snack bar, sit in the pool and order lunch without toweling off. The water slide has kids and adults alike holding their noses and yelping as they go splashing into the pool. A waterfall flows into a churlish green pond that has a small beach area for wading. Ventana's pool is simpler but shimmers just as loudly in bold aquamarine. Shaped like a T-square, you get the idea this is for serious swimming, until the smell of the buffet lunch cooking fifteen feet away depletes your desire for exercise. Sheraton's waterway is located in the circular courtyard filled with waterfalls, lagoons and plenty of tropical foliage, and it's huge. The nearby snack bar will keep you stuffed with American beach food—hot dogs, hamburgers, fries and the like. Westward Look and Tucson National have pools that are equally as inviting and certainly as chlorinated, though they are more from the old school—a little less glitzy and glamorous. And at all the resorts, steaming whirlpools are placed within floating distance from the cooler, larger ones.

Water is not only big business when it comes to pools. A golf course is a must, and combined, they require millions of gallons of water—at the newer resorts all of it cleansed effluent rather than drinking water. Most of these splashes of Kelly green on the desert landscape were designed by top professionals. Hungry at 3 a.m.? There is twenty-four-hour room service. The hotels' kiss goodnight is the imported chocolate placed on your down pillow. Tennis elbow? Ease tired muscles into bathtubs with hidden spigots that will pistol-whip your body while you watch a small TV/



The Welcome Wagon at Sheraton El Conquistador.

radio permanently attached to the sink—it stares at you like a sentry on duty. Whatever you desire is at the ready.

And in town, the florists and nursery owners are grinning. Every resort has enough species of trees, monstrous potted palms and exotic flowers to resemble an elaborate arboretum, filling and spilling from lobbies and gardens, hallways, rooms and centerpieces. It's a jungle in there.

Continental Limousine, owned by New Jersey native Marc Kaplan, opened for business two years ago with one limousine and one driver—Kaplan. He now has two white limos, one blue, one silver and one white Rolls Royce, four vans and fifteen drivers. He goes the extra distance and stocks his fancy wheels with fresh squeezed juice, Perrier and a variety of sodas, and provides a daily *Wall Street Journal* and *New York Times*. His business is built on the resorts. The hot rock group, U2, in town for a concert, used up his elite force of transportation, went to La Paloma for half a day, performed and left without spending the night. And when Kaplan ferried the popular singing duo, the Judds, out to Ventana in a Rolls, their manager was so taken, he bought the car on the spot.

Where is all this cash flowing from?

Fortune 500 powerhouses now reside in the shadows of the resorts. La Paloma is owned by Cottonwood Properties in Tucson, managed by Westin's hotel chain (last count was seventy Westin-operated hotels), a subsidiary of Allegius, the corporation that also counts Hertz, United Airlines and Hilton International as part of the family. Ventana is owned in a syndicated limited partnership by the Tucson-based Estes Co. and Lepercq of San Francisco, and managed by Loews Resorts, which is part of the \$19 billion Tisch empire that includes hotels, CNA Insurance, Bulova Watch Co., Lorillard Inc. (tobacco company), Majestic Shipping Co. and a majority of CBS stock. The Sheraton is owned by Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and Sheraton (with over 500 hotels and resorts) in a limited partnership, with ITT as the parent company. Westward Look ranks right up there, owned and managed by RKO, which happens to have GenCorp as its Daddy Warbucks. GenCorp owns Diversitak, Aerojet, Penn Tennis Ball, General Tire, Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. and RKO—whose holdings include the hotel group, broadcasting and pictures. GenCorp currently is trying to dispose of Westward Look—asking price: \$23 million—to streamline the company and keep its economic base in high-tech. Tucson National still is owned by the

local Nanini family, using Preferred Hotels as their reservation service. Hacienda Del Sol is in receivership, owned by a state bank and up for sale for a mere \$5 million. It is managed by American Inns Management, and seeking national historic preservation. Canyon Ranch is owned and operated by the local Zuckermans. So if you think you're living in the boondocks, check your watch. Tucson is moving into the fast track.

Whatever competitive battles are being waged among the resorts are conducted like an English high tea, laced with the courtesy that slow-dances throughout the hospitality industry. But a hotel "insider," hearing that it appeared the hotels don't compete, snorted: "Like poison they don't compete." They marshal their sales forces and wine and dine VIPs. And being a "very important person" in the hotel industry is likely to mean you're a travel writer, the press or a convention planner—anyone who could really pump up business.

In this early stage of creating Tucson as a national resort destination, it is crucial that they form a

united front, at least in public. It is simply uncouth to badmouth one another. The competition is more private. If a meeting planner comes to town and visits the Sheraton, Hutson says, "we'll wine them and dine them and comp them a room. But I know that before they leave the city, they will be checking out the other major destinations."

Though no one admits doing it, the hotel industry has "spies," and it's not uncommon to send sales executives to a resort across town where a large convention is meeting if for no other reason than to introduce themselves and the hotel chain they represent.

Each destination has five to seven persons on their sales teams who travel hundreds of thousands of air miles to meet with prospects during a zillion rubber chicken dinners to sell their resort over the others. Without these sales teams, Thacker says, "we're dead."

And by and large the industry fudges occupancy rates, for appearance. But occupancy rates alone will not tell you how well a hotel is really doing. If one hotel has put down \$100 million on the property and another hotel has put down \$50 million, it's obvious that one is going to have a substantially higher overhead.

Once Sheraton owned the market, and their occupancy rates reflected it.

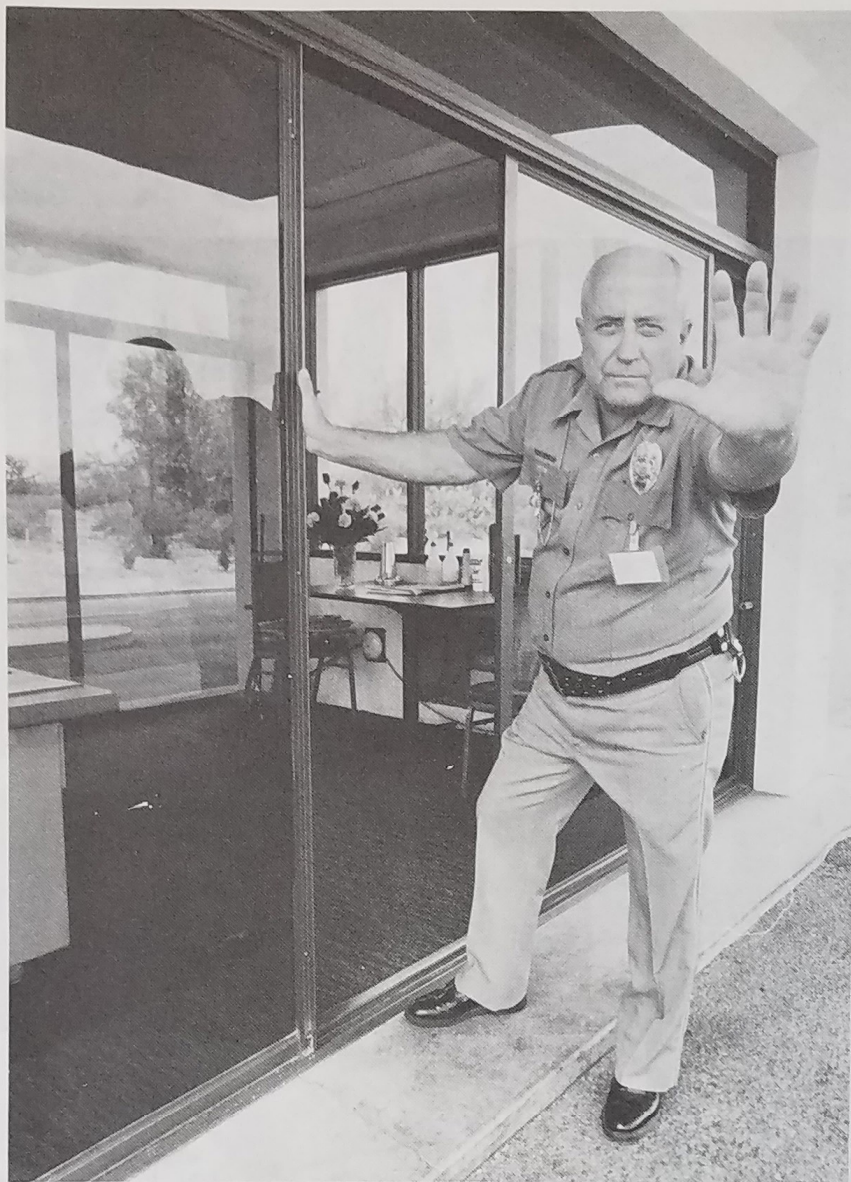
Now the race has begun. In hotel circles it is said that Westin is leading the pack; Ventana chasing in second; Sheraton in third and it's a toss-up for last place between Tucson National and Westward Look. Here's a closer look at the numbers the destinations are reporting: Ventana projects a 1987 occupancy rate approaching seventy percent, as does Sheraton. La Paloma's projected rate is an overwhelming eighty-two percent, triple what they did last year. Westward Look is reporting a rate in the low sixties, and Tucson National sports eighty-two percent. But the figures don't always add up. According to the calculated projections of Laventhol & Horwath, an accounting firm based in Phoenix that specializes in forecasting growth in the leisure industry, Tucson's composite occupancy for the five resorts is fifty-seven percent annually. Demand hasn't caught up with our supply, and it will be a number or years before it does.

According to Frank Fine of Hacienda del Sol, a major component to establishing high occupancy is the reservation system involved. The large, well-established chains know the gimmicks and have the advanced technology to book people within minutes anywhere in the world, targeted to a specific climate or setting.

Seventy percent of Tucson's resort business is based on conventions and other business meetings. And lately Tucson has been claiming a growing portion of the Phoenix/Scottsdale market. According to Laventhol & Horwath, the average discounted room rate for conventions in Phoenix/Scottsdale is \$106 per day, while Tucson's is \$93. While that amount might appear petty, when a corporation books over 400 room-nights, the difference is hefty.

Whether you're pro-growth or no-growth, the destination resorts have become a force to deal with and are flexing their muscles. In an odd way these master builders aren't quite sure if they're on the same side of the street with other developers. The hospitality industry depends on the grand views of the desert and mountains for business, so they don't want the scenery blocked by more bricks. Of course they want good roads. But every general manager is aware that if our resplendent land is scraped clean, and our air further dusted with pollution, we'll end up blacktopped like Phoenix and lose the peaceful beauty that draws visitors here.

Since so much of our growth is being decided by large corporations based in other cities, while we continue to debate it on the local level, it will take a rare meeting of minds to



A guard at Tucson National kids for the photographer to show the privacy of the resort.

get the "insiders" and "outsiders" to channel it. Swanson believes that if the city continues to keep its head buried like an ostrich in dry sand, straining to remain ignorant of the fact that we're growing, we'll sprout like ragweed.

Ventana's Thacker, when asked how he feels about growth, looks thoughtful and says he is concerned about the way we grow and concerned about pollution, especially when he's taking a run through the mountains. Then he turns around with a smile and adds, "But when I see the Flying V filled up at happy hour, or my restaurants full, that pleases me also."

Some developers are taking a "wait and see attitude" toward building new projects because the recent change in the tax laws no longer allow investors the big tax write-offs for empty rooms. Before the changes, a hotel could hold an occupancy rate of sixty percent and make money for its backers with the tax losses—that same hotel, under the new laws, would need an occupancy rate of at least seventy percent to approach profitability. According to Kim Richards of Estes, developers won't build now unless "it makes sound economic sense." But Warnik contends that most developers remain undaunted and are moving aggressively, and cites the parable of "two developers in a forest who spot a

grizzly bear gearing up for an attack. One developer whips on a pair of running shoes, the other developer looks at him as if he's crazy and says, 'you can't outrun that bear.' The sneakered developer says, 'I know that, but I can outrun you.'"

According to hoteliers, in order for Tucson's destination resorts to flourish and gain a strong national and international reputation, we need more flashy high-fashion retail outlets and additional four-star restaurants. It will take a sharp tune-up to compete with the likes of Palm Springs. The average customer who stays at the resorts earns in excess of \$50,000 annually. And the industry wants them to liquidate some of their currency while they're vacationing in town.

The recent refinancing of the Tucson Community Center and purchase of the Temple of Music and Art freed \$28 million for renovation of the entire complex—mostly to build enough meeting space to house mass conferences of up to 25,000 people. Next step? Radcliffe believes we need a resort downtown of the caliber of those in the foothills, so people can stay close to the convention.

The resort industry is eagerly backing the push to create a major arts district downtown as part of the package. Wealthy out-of-towners staying at the

major resorts and hotels splurge on Southwestern art. A large portion of the business generated at Old Town Artisans, for instance, comes from guests staying in the foothills.

Many of the general managers are on committees that support the arts, on task forces concerned with ground and air transportation, and in cahoots with people throughout the country who might be willing to put Bloomingtondale replications in Tucson. Rumor has it that the development by Trammel Crow, Texas real estate magnate, at Grant and Swan will be home to some uptown names. Is it coincidence that all this high-class renovation is being done at the same time? One day, when you notice a Saks pop up seemingly from nowhere, it will have been preordained.

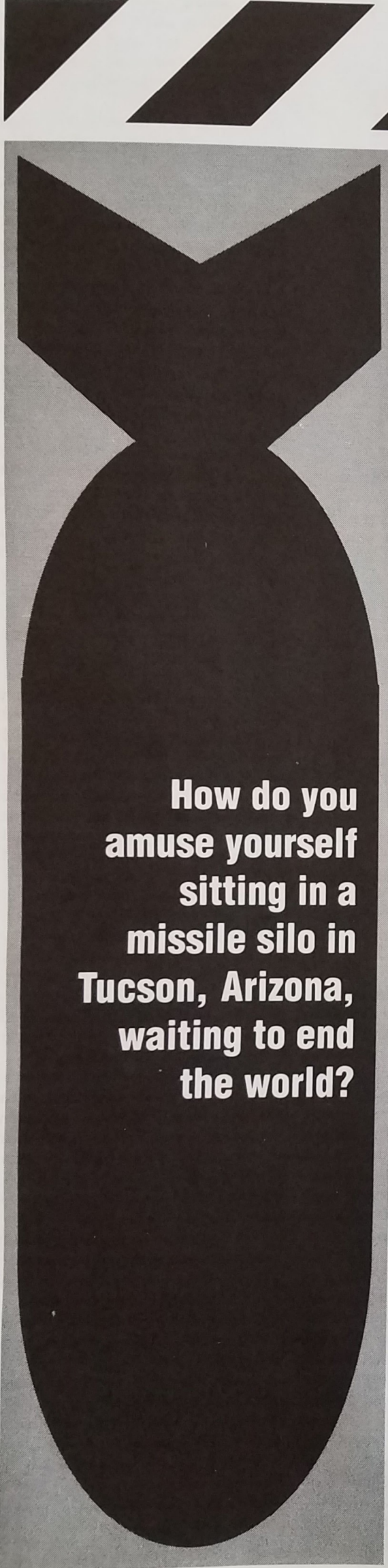
Airport routes are a major dissatisfaction to the resorts because they cut into their wallets. There are few direct flights out of Tucson to and from large cities Back East. It usually takes a full day of traveling, with layovers, to get here from the East Coast. It's the chicken or the egg syndrome. The airlines want to see the numbers and the resorts are telling them the numbers will be here, vacationing palatially.

La Paloma recently had back-to-back, one-week bookings by Shearson Lehman, the brokerage house owned by American Express. A group of 678 was brought in one week, and as soon as they left another 694 trailed them. These were the top salespeople—the crème de la crème of the brokerage industry. And they were entertained by Rich Little and the Beach Boys and heard talks by famed stage actress Colleen Dewhurst and journalists Linda Ellerbee and Diane Sawyer. There was also a tennis clinic given by Rod Laver and a spectacular display of fireworks by the Girucci family, famous for the July 4th firework spectacle at the unveiling of the revamped Statue of Liberty. The group spent more than two million dollars.

The wave of the future is three-to-four day vacations combined with business. When the Dayton-Hudson executives were at Westin for their meeting and dinner blowout, they devoted half of the time to business, enabling them to write off expenses under new tax laws.

But right now it's our turn. Tucson has an image problem in the summer. The rest of the country thinks the only thing to do here during July and August is fry an egg on the sand. So when the heat starts blasting your body, the resort rates drop.

Andy Warhol swore at one point that every individual in America would get a shot at being famous for fifteen minutes. Maybe that won't happen to you. But if you can pay the reduced rate, walk through any of these resort doors and they'll pretend you're famous—for as long as you stay. □



**How do you
amuse yourself
sitting in a
missile silo in
Tucson, Arizona,
waiting to end
the world?**

BY
VERN
LAMP
LOT

BABY-SITTING TITAN

had the nightmare again the other night. It had been a long time—nearly two years since the last one. I know what touched it off. I saw a newspaper story about contractors in Conway, Arkansas, dismantling the Titan II missile silos that ringed Little Rock. They had pulled the launch consoles topside so that Russian spy satellites could fly over and verify that the Strategic Air Command no longer called the silos home. It was enough to bring it all back.

For nearly twenty years, eighteen Titan II silos sat on alert near Tucson, most within an hour's drive of Mayor Murphy's office. Each day of those twenty years, four-man crews from Davis-Monthan Air Force Base drove from the base to the sites to change over with the crews that were already on alert. Two officers were in charge of the operation of the site, and two enlisted men performed certain maintenance tasks and supported the officers. The officers had access to the safe that held the keys to launch the missile. For four years in the early 1970s, I was a member of the select nuclear priesthood, a deputy missile crew commander, inhabiting an egg-shaped three-story control center, forty-three feet underground.

The Titan II was a product of '50s technology, a follow-up to the Atlas and Titan missiles. Only fifty-four were built. It was the largest nuclear missile the U.S. ever developed. It was only supposed to last a few years until the Minuteman missile was ready, but our Soviet counterparts worshipped bigness and feared the ten-megaton warhead out of all proportion to its numbers. As a result, the Titan II became a SALT bargaining chip.

The missile system was so burdensome and complex that it required four months training in Texas and six weeks training in California just to learn how to operate it. And that was just for officers; enlisted men required nearly a year of training to learn

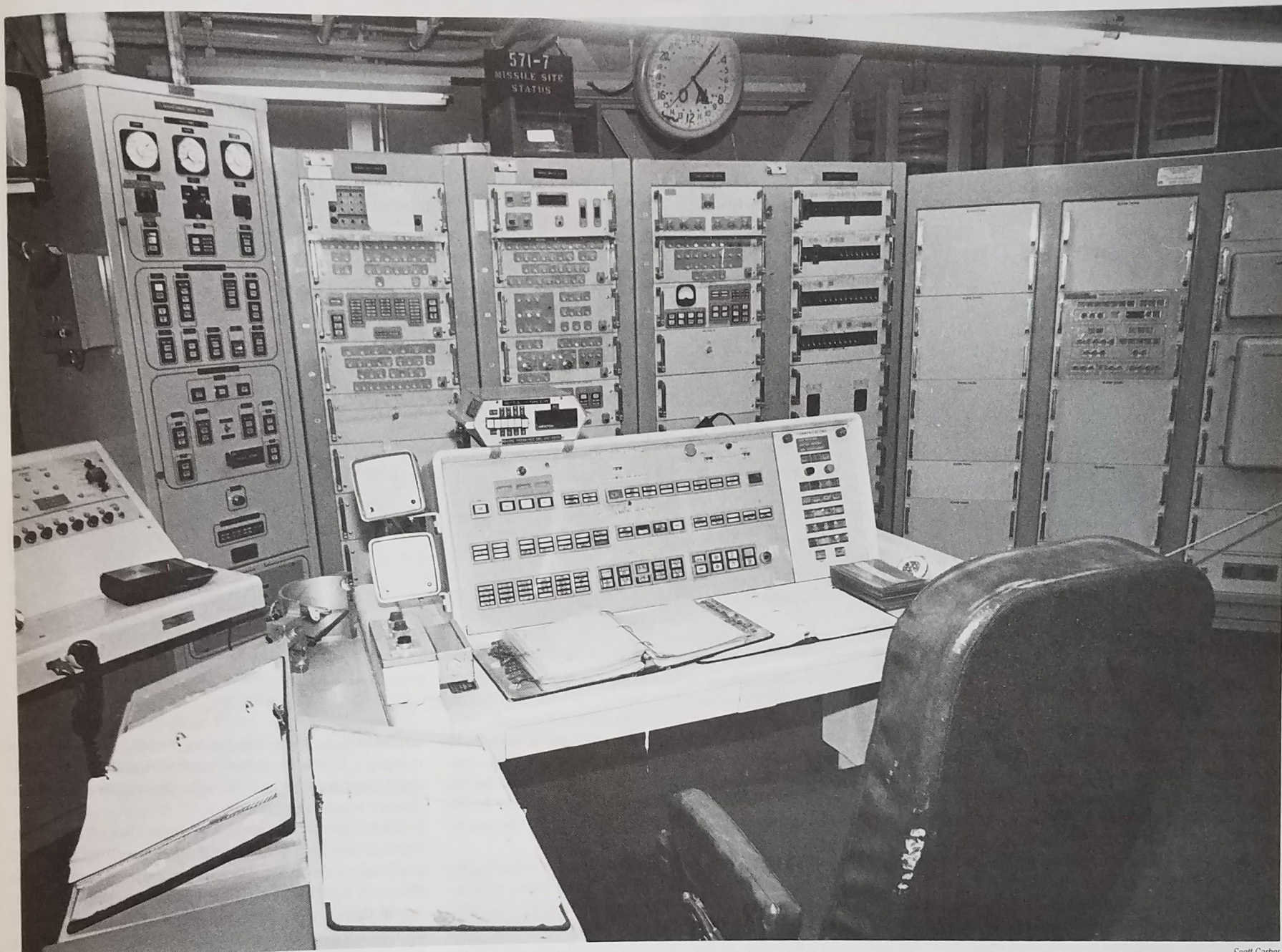
their maintenance and analysis jobs. Unlike the solid boosters used on the more modern Minuteman, the Titan II was fueled with liquid so volatile it required special handling, and numerous hydraulic and monitoring systems, just to minimize the risk of explosion or fire.

But the worst part of our task was simply the tedium. Just getting on the job was a long string of ritual behaviors which began before 7 a.m. and continued until about nine in the morning when the crew we relieved finally left the site. First was a briefing for all eighteen oncoming crews, who sat at tables in a long narrow room with a small stage and podium up front. An intelligence officer talked about any special defense conditions, gave a weather report, and sometimes popped an unannounced test on message decoding. Perfect was the only allowable score.

Next came a maintenance briefing which described the fitness of missiles in our wing. Sometimes there was an inspection. It gave the bosses a chance to hassle us before we crept into the silo where they couldn't tell what we were doing.

The gear was loaded into a blue station wagon before the briefing, and a crew member drove the forty-five minutes to the site. Usually we pulled alert at the same site each time, but vacations, illness or evaluation failure could cause a change.

On arrival, we would announce ourselves on the gate phone—believe me they were expecting us—and then drive around the massive silo door to the access door. The commander would go down the stairs and stand before a metal door to be identified on a TV camera. He would give the password received during the morning briefing and then proceed down more stairs to the control center. The rest of the crew usually rode down the freight elevator that the offgoing crew sent up with its gear after the new commander was ID'ed.



Launch console—the so-called “Button.”

Scott Garber

We entered at level two of the control center where the launch and guidance equipment was located—greeted by a puffy-eyed group, unshaven and rumpled but wearing squadron scarves and side arms, and anxious to go home. We were required to wear a .38 caliber revolver whenever any visitors were on the site, including the oncoming crew. Presumably you would shoot anyone who went berserk. The oncoming crew was not permitted to go berserk until the other crew had left. If you went berserk then, it was your own business. We were supposed to be watched for signs of stress under a special Defense Department program, and once a year we had to sign papers that we knew of the program's existence. But in the four years I was on duty, I never heard of anyone being counseled for stress-related problems. A career officer who asked for help would be labeled and discarded.

That is not to say there weren't problems. A common trick for a wife in a deteriorating partnership was to order a moving van while her unsuspecting husband was on alert. The crewman would return home to find a house bare of even underwear or a box of corn flakes. This happened to people I knew, yet they continued to perform their duties without

attracting much attention from the high command.

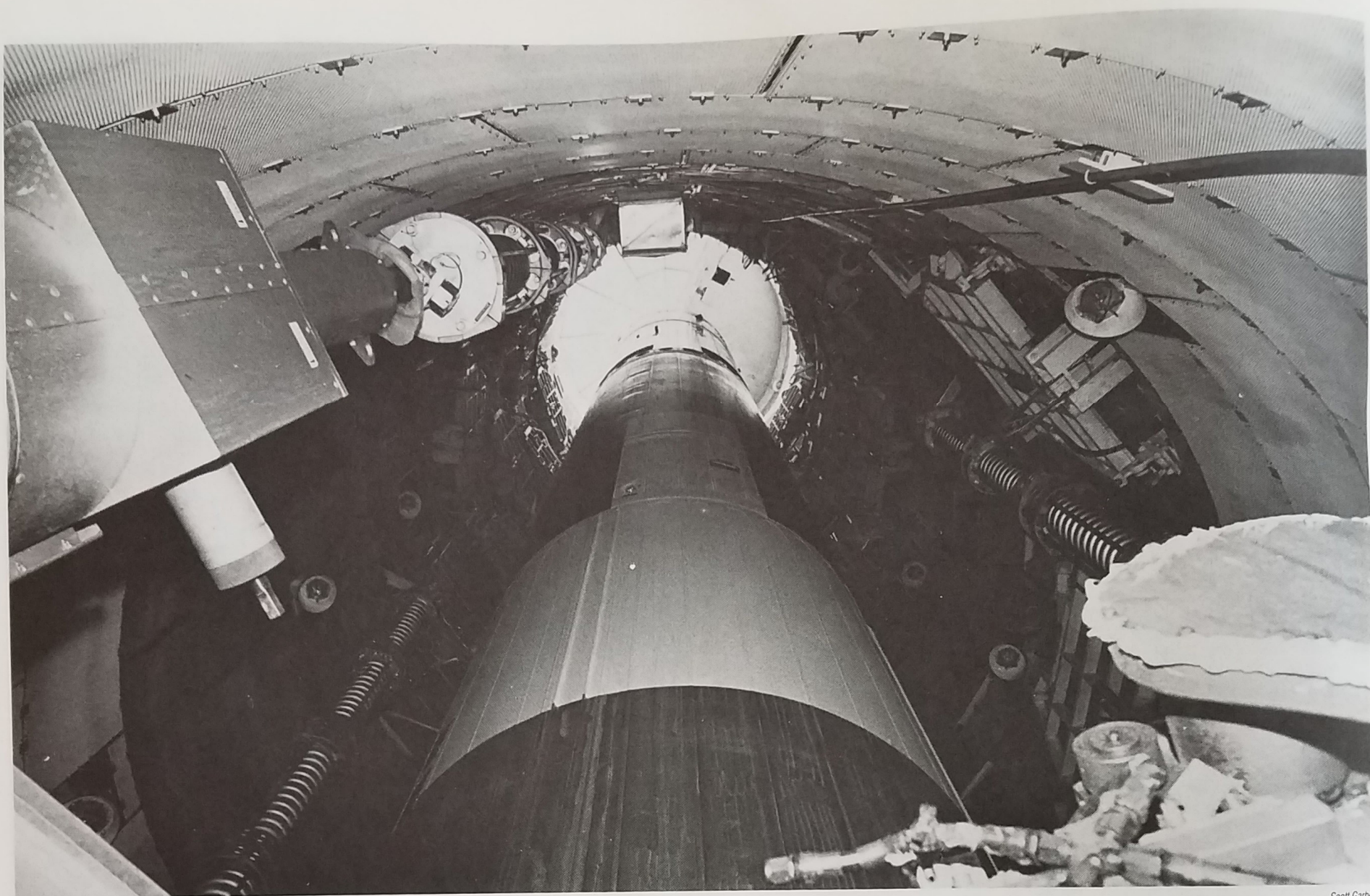
During the changeover process on a typical alert, the enlisted people would check to see that the site was still in one piece while the officers inventoried all the classified documents and learned what the maintenance problems were. There was always something to deal with. When we were satisfied, we put our lock on the safe while they removed their lock. They left the site while we settled down to breakfast and the next twenty-four hours, when the same process would be repeated with the next crew.

It was the early '70s with Vietnam using up most of the manpower. That meant one day on alert and the next two days off. Squeezed into that last day off sometimes were briefings, tests, training and whatever private business one had to complete. Many of us had volunteered to perform military service, but were more than a little at odds with career officers who still supported the war. We were tolerated only as fresh meat because strategic forces had been stripped and reassigned to Southeast Asia. The lack of manpower made the schedules more grueling, but it kept the career guys too busy to think up such silliness as the spit-and-polish inspections that occurred years later.

Because the missile system was never supposed to last, certain problems were tolerated rather than solved. Safety and war rules required that no one was to be left alone at the launch console. Yet the kitchen and bathroom were upstairs—on the same level where two crew members slept at any given time. So calls of nature and dinner required us to break those rules. This kind of unresolved stupidity fanned a disrespect between young officers and crew that was always just below the surface.

While on alert, the first officer and enlisted man began their sleep shift at 4 p.m. They slept until 8 p.m., then the second pair went to bed and slept until 4 a.m., when the first shift would go back and pull some heavy “zzzs” until 8 a.m. No one found these sleep schedules very agreeable, but they had been worked out through years of trial and error. Some crews experimented with different times, but no matter what you did, you weren't likely to get a healthy amount of sleep.

The wing command post back at the base had a direct line to each site. Once it called a site in the early morning hours and got no answer. The crew members who were supposed to be awake had fallen asleep. The people involved, we understood,



A view from the bottom of the missile silo.

Scott Garber

had been court-martialed. After that, the command post started making calls in the early morning and requiring two crew members to answer within a short time. We listened closely for the phone and often delayed answering for a couple of rings until the second crew member could get close enough to answer within the allotted time.

The officers in the command post knew what we were doing; they had been on crews once. Whether we violated the rules was not really the issue. It was whether we would be caught violating the rules that interested our superiors. Richard Nixon was president then. In his famous tapes, he referred to similar actions as "deniability." We, too, learned deniability in the Strategic Air Command. It was the golden age of deniability.

We practiced ending the world several times a week. In trainers we put out fires, fixed the guidance system and finished each session with a successful launch. On actual alert, we babysat a single ninety-eight-foot behemoth fueled by cold, toxic liquids. The fuel and oxidizer had only to meet to burst into flames. Some fifty people were killed once after a maintenance accident in Kansas. The endless empty hours and the droning fans that cooled the ancient cathode tubes caused the mind to wander. The odd sleep shifts disrupted normal patterns and intensified the empty feeling.

Our crew became devoted to certain ritual entertainments. We brought our shorts and basketball shoes and played Nerf basketball for hours on end. We used pipe-identification and toxic-warning tape to fix the three-second lane. The basket was only seven feet high because of the suspended ceiling. Goaltending calls were frequent. One of our players was very short but learned to use the hanging fluorescent light fixtures to screen his jump shot. If you

blocked it after it passed the fixture, it had to be goaltending. In the heated competition a long fluorescent tube might explode after being raked by the extended hand of a military Moses Malone. In between games and cleaning up broken light bulbs, we got our work done.

Aside from any special problems, the routine part of the alert was an inspection. Each crew was required to address during its shift a long checklist called Daily Shift Verification. There were steps for each member of the crew: the launch console for the commander, the communications gear for the deputy, a missile guidance check for the guidance technician. But the largest was reserved for the facilities technician. This part had to be performed by two crew members, usually the enlisted men. The other two crew members had to remain in the control center level two. Sometimes an officer and one enlisted man would perform the checklist, but I also knew of officers who never went out to the silo.

The Titan II missile was suspended on a thrust ring that didn't lock up until launch. Surrounding the missile was the launch duct—a long tube some 130 feet to the surface with various retractable platforms that could be lowered in order to perform maintenance on any specific portion of the rocket. Surrounding the launch duct were eight levels of equipment areas that contained the diesel engine for internal site power, miles of thick black cable that communicated with portions of the missile, and numerous pumps, hydraulic lines, fans, chillers, vapor detection equipment and support structures—much of it the stuff you might find in any heavy equipment factory.

There was another freight elevator, used to move from level to level of the silo equipment area. Certain tasks had to be performed on a schedule. The

diesel engine, for example, had to run so many days a month. Crew members carried hard hats, a flashlight, and a gas mask in case the vapor equipment wasn't working properly.

The access walkway between the silo and the control center was longer than a bowling alley and probably narrower. An early game we created was the hard hat toss. The object was to see how far you could throw your hard hat before it became tangled in the support struts that lined either side of the narrow tunnel. Only rarely was anyone able to skip his hard hat all the way down the walkway and into the silo equipment area. It was not a radical game, and eventually we taught it to other crews. Players could be spotted at the morning briefing by the multitude of scratches on their hard hats, which looked like helmets from the defensive line of a professional football team.

We played hide-and-seek in the launch silo area in pitch darkness, accompanied only by the noise of our breathing, missile fans and pumps. Hide-and-seek was nearly as simple as the hard hat toss, but much more dangerous—also, it violated almost every weapon system safety rule. The lights in the silo equipment area were turned off and one player searched for the other who hid. The freight elevator was one clue. It made a whining sound traveling up and down. You could sometimes figure out on which level it stopped. But there were ladders from level to level as well. It was an eerie mechanical jungle, full of strange sounds, awkward planes and angles to navigate in the cool darkness. And it was dark—there is nothing darker than the dark of being a hundred feet underground. Each breath sounds like a rush of air, detectable a mile away. Each tentative, clanking step on the metal floor seemed to echo for an hour.

The only way to search was level to level, hoping you could visualize the location of the equipment on each level. It was the supreme test of your knowledge of the missile's many systems. Was that cabinet on level five or six? The pattern had to be worked out so your opponent couldn't outflank you by using the ladder to escape. If you were careful you could trap your prey somewhere ahead of you. Soon you'd be stunned by the blinding flash when he'd shine his light in your eyes, the signal of defeat. He would give up but not without exacting a price.

Taking part in the ultimate Cold War game made us all players. Even one of our wing commanders played games. He perceived that the best way to make general from colonel was to find a problem that no one else had found and then solve it. For instance, he pounced on site security and developed a new way to deploy security police. In his research, he would lead raiding parties to invade missile sites to see how far they could get before being caught. Sometimes he would get all the way to the control center before a hapless crew and security force would discover them standing near the launch console. The so-called button.

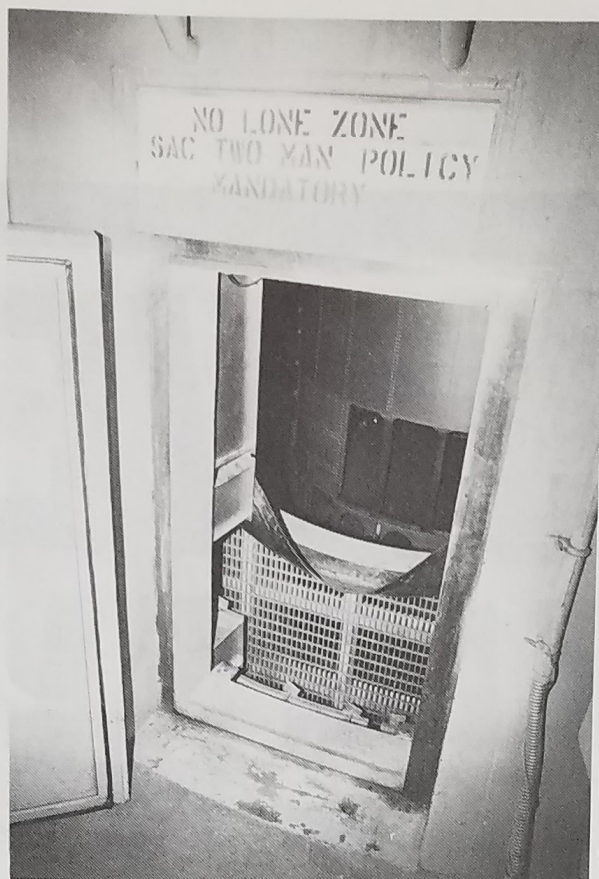
I was always ready. I would sit for hours late at night with my feet propped up on the launch console, my .38 revolver drawn and pointed at the access portal. I would glance at the BLAST DOOR OPEN indicator to see if it was lit on the launch console, meaning that someone was using the emergency hand pump to open the huge concrete access doors. Sometimes we would get notice of a raid from a neighboring site that had been hit. Then I would empty the chamber under the hammer and sit with a cocked pistol.

Our crew once figured that a bullet fired in the egg-shaped control center would ricochet 131 times, piercing the launch console, the guidance alignment group and at least two crew members before clattering to a stop on the tile floor. Luckily for both the wing commander and myself, we never found out. He didn't attempt to break into our site.

Our wing commander did succeed in getting security forces deployed to some sites to shorten response time. Once we borrowed a pair of their handcuffs and attached our commander to his bed while he slept. Then we activated the fire klaxon and watched him drag his bed halfway down the stairs before he realized he'd been had.

Because we were tested so often and mistakes were never permitted, many officers set their combination locks on 0000 to reduce the chance for error and quicken the time it took to open the security safe where the launch keys were kept. The enlisted men on our crew discovered this easily. Many times the oncoming crew would be standing in the control center before our commander would notice that his lock, designed to prevent unauthorized tampering with the fate of the world, was hanging from a light fixture above the launch console. I was lucky. Since it had taken me until my junior year in college to learn my mail box number in the student union, I simply used that as my combination. The enlisted guys spent hours attempting to figure out my secret code, turning the tumblers like some Rubik's puzzle.

Then there were the usual dormitory games. You had to hide your socks while you slept. Failure to do so would usually result in a frantic search for them while the oncoming crew was on its way down, only to find them as a black ball of ice imbedded in your hard hat in the refrigerator. If you had the last sleep shift, it was possible to find four-piece place settings under your sheets. Our crew became devious enough to fake short-sheeting a bed so that the victim had to partially dismantle it before discovering that it really was all in order.



SAC Regulations did not permit crew members to be alone in certain areas.

After a twenty-four-hour alert, I would go home and try to sleep for awhile. It was then the nightmares (actually daymares) would come. Surviving a war only to see the Earth reduced to swirling dust. Falling back down into a bottomless launch duct. Everything suddenly disappearing.

Late at night I would think about my counterpart, Ivan, 5,000 miles over the polar flight path. Right about that time he would be leaving for his launch silo, kissing his wife and children goodbye, taking his sandwich made with American wheat. Another day at the SS 18 silo, his missile aimed at some place in Arizona. He and I share a kind of understanding that you will never know, that you want no part of. Disarmament is a macho power struggle carried out

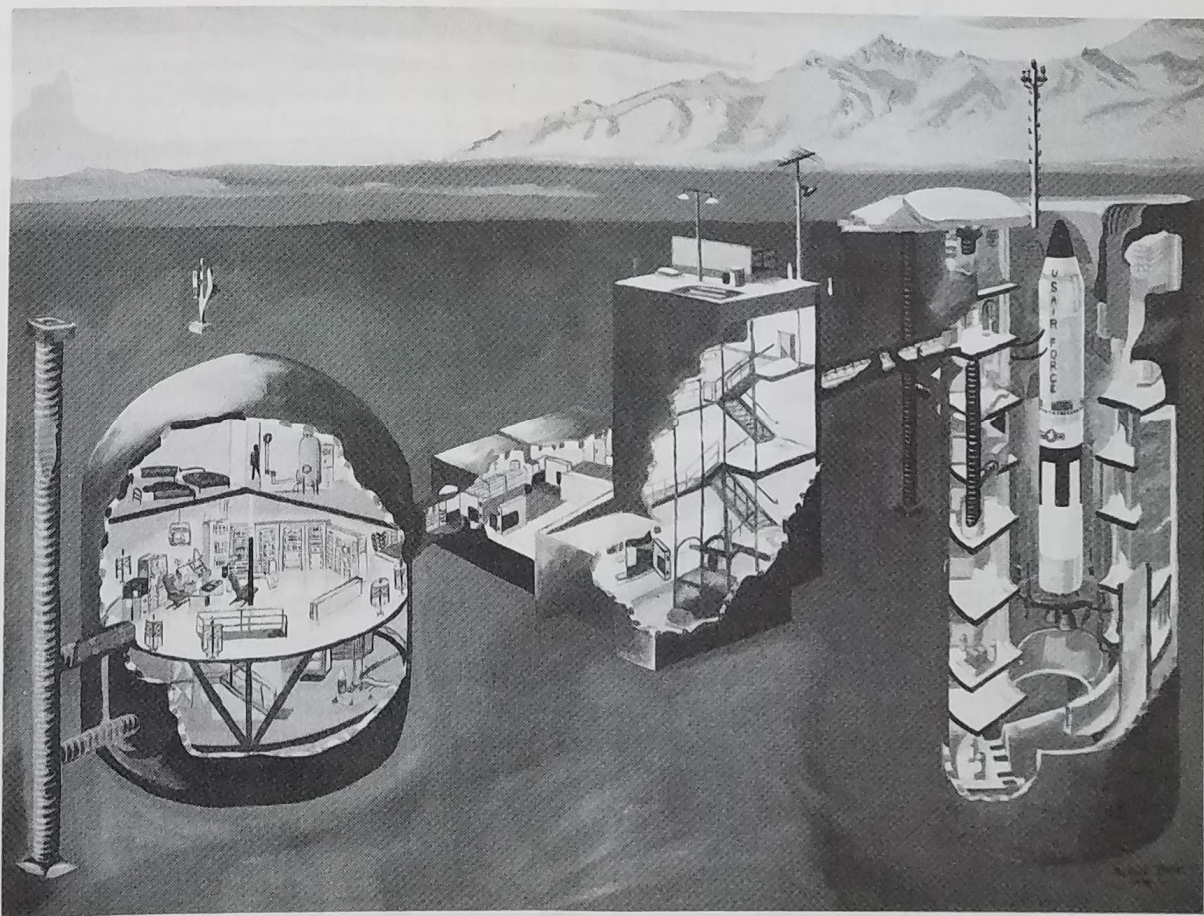
eyeball-to-eyeball in some foreign city by government officials. Nuclear annihilation is not supposed to be about the warhead next door launched by your neighbor.

Most people never wanted to think about it, so you can imagine how the state's politicians have ignored the issue. More than ten years after the Titans first went on alert, Arizona's civil defense plan stated flatly that Arizona was not a nuclear target. It took much coaxing, but Davis-Monthan intelligence officers finally convinced state officials that not only was Arizona a target, but there were probably somewhere near 450 megatons aimed at Tucson alone. With the Titans gone, Tucson has lost some megatonnage, but Hughes, Gates, Burr Brown and the airplane storage area and cruise missile training at D-M keep us a prime target. Still, at least one county supervisor is concerned about evacuating the city. Hell, he'll be pummeled half way to Bei Zhing before he can turn the key in his Cadillac.

For those of you who maintain an interest in the life or death of the planet, your piece of the nightmare is waiting. The county and the Pima Air Museum have preserved one of my old sites, 571-7, in Green Valley as a permanent display. I wonder if they also preserved the Circle K down the way where we used to buy grape bubble gum, banana popsicles and *National Lampoon* magazines. I fear that you will see the site as a quaint artifact from another place and time, instead of a permanent, recurring bad dream.

I haven't taken my ten-year-old daughter there to show her the chair where Daddy used to sit. Or the launch console where I used to practice ending the world. My daughter has nightmares about dark shapes moving in her closet when I forget to leave the light on, or about some bug-like thing she thinks she sees on the floor. But most of the time her sleep is peaceful; she is oblivious to the nightmares to come. Her trip to Green Valley can wait. □

Vern Lamplot is assistant director of public information at the University of Arizona. He was stationed at Davis-Monthan from 1972 to 1975. These Photos were taken at the Titan Missile Museum in Green Valley.



A cutaway drawing of a Titan missile base.

Courtesy of the Titan Missile Museum in Green Valley

**The politicians
and builders
now agree it's
good business
to save a
little space
for wildlife,
but the pigs
give mixed
reviews.**

**By Patric Hedlund
Illustrations by Lois McLane**

JAVELINA HEAVEN—

This winter I moved to a jagged buffer zone on the edge of Tucson Mountain Park next to Saguaro Monument West, between the ancient hunting ground of the Hohokam Indians and the flurry of new developments bulldozing their way up the Tucson Mountains. Nature here is not abstract.

Perry Sullivan cursed the sun as he maneuvered his heavy rifle through a tangled arroyo north of Tangerine Road, boots crunching against jagged basalt rocks, mind nervously alert for scorpions, rattlers and Gila monsters. He'd just moved here from California, but he was eager for a desert hunt. Releasing the safety on his gun, he dodged a blood-thirsty cholla, snagged his shirt on a clawing mesquite limb. Suddenly the desert erupted madly around him. Wild boars! In a panic he fired crazily into the herd of writhing beasts stampeding in all directions. A fifty-pound male went down. Hoofs flailed the sky. Wild blood pooled in the hot sand....

Ann Dodson's husband bought five acres in the Tucson Mountains and moved his family from New York to the Wild West he'd always dreamed of. On the third day in their bright new world Ann packed a lunch and took her three children and the family dog hiking in the surrounding hills. They were climbing in the boulders, playing pioneer, when suddenly they heard a rattle. A cold spasm shook Ann's spine. She grew up on Hollywood westerns. She knew she was going to die.

"Freeze!" Ann yelled to her children.

She stood riveted, craning her neck to locate the rattle. The snake was in the rocks. The path was clear. On her signal, Ann, kids, and dog thundered up the trail to the sanctuary of their own home. She called the Pima County Animal Control Center

immediately. "There's a rattlesnake on my property!" she said, voice shaking. "Come out and remove it right away!"

Perry Sullivan is the dispatch officer who took her call. Today he's embarrassed by his wild pig story. Since that first hunt five years ago he's learned there are no wild boars here at all. The fearsome feral hogs of the American South, with their aggressive strain of Russian Boar, have as much in common with the Sonoran Desert's javelina (or collared peccary) as their shared relative the hippopotamus. Nature gave fierce-looking bluffing defenses such as bristling hair and clacking teeth to the javelina, but like deer and mountain sheep, their first instinct is flight. After two decades of observation Arizona Department of Game and Fish concludes that the few authenticated reports of javelina charging humans are due to defense of babies or the panic of a cornered animal trying to escape.

The herd Perry stumbled into were resting in the shade. Their hysterical dashing was a confused attempt to flee. They are so nearsighted that babies sometimes follow joggers down trails, mistaking the movement in front of them for mama. They are not predators; herds browse their territory for prickly pear, shrubs and seeds. A lifelong interest in playful wrestling, nuzzling and kittenish chasing reinforces strong bonds between herd members.

Perry told Ann of course there are rattlesnakes on her land: Her family bought five acres of the Sonoran Desert. Rattlesnakes, he said, live in the desert. So do wildcats and coyote and javelina, three kinds of rabbits, coati, antelope squirrels, roadrunners, mule deer, two kinds of foxes, a wide variety of birds and even an occasional jaguar to the south.

Ann Dodson is my neighbor. I watched her fear turn to fascination as her family learned that Tucson

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A lifelong interest in playful wrestling, nuzzling and kittenish chasing reinforces strong bonds between herd members.

is one of the last cities in North America where people can live so close to wild animals. Ann's kids like the adventure, compare it to the African savannah, swap stories of creature sightings like they used to swap baseball cards. They know I especially like to hear about javelina. I've kept a journal of Wild Pig Stories. An early entry:

Two springs ago I set out at sunrise with my Brittany spaniel and a surefooted quarterhorse named Babe to ride in the Rincons. An unexpected scorcher caught us ten miles out with no water. The heat rose brutally. We tried a return shortcut across a rugged arroyo. On foot, I led Babe gingerly across the rocks, nervous sweat shooting from my pores at the thought of iron horseshoes on slippery granite. I stopped to wipe salt from my eyes.

As I sagged against a boulder a large javelina exploded from the shadow beside me. His hair bristled. A bloody chunk was gouged from his back. He bounded into the ravine, then stopped to peer back at us. What had grabbed him? A mountain lion? I was stunned. The sun was hot, I could smell his blood. Instinctively I sprang forward to pull off Babe's saddle to use as a shield against his attack, but in a flicker he was gone—invisible again in the rocks.

What I had seen was the Myth of the Wild Pig. It held

my worst fears of the desert, my deepest terrors of personal risk. Now, I'm eager to see wild javelina here. Today it is the possible extermination of these creatures by runaway boomtown growth that plagues me. Is a truce possible? Why do I feel so urgently that it matters?

A vigilante spirit is brewing in the developments racing up Ironwood, off West Grant Road. In mid-night raids on neat suburban patios, javelina have kidnapped geraniums and mugged potted plants, triggering ominous rumblings among the neighbors.

I visit Emerita, who has invited me for tea. An elegant eighty-four, she has a mischievous sense of humor. She's lived out here forty-eight years and has twenty acres. Over stewed prunes she tells me the new neighbors are threatening to round up the javelina and deport them as illegal aliens without green cards. I am troubled. I picture javelina executions.

Calling around to learn more, I talk with a man working in a small school nearby. He says the neighbors are afraid of the javelina. There are five circulating in this area: three adults and two babies. (Secretly I am jealous that they've seen them and I

haven't.) He fears they will attack children. He mentions rabies. He speaks menacingly of "reporting the situation to the authorities."

I expect Pima County Animal Control to be the stormtroopers of this scenario. Denis F. Viri is the field operations supervisor of the \$3 million agency, a division of the Pima County Health Department, and Perry Sullivan works for him. Their primary role is the prevention of rabies. No case of rabies in javelina has ever been reported in Pima County.

"The exchange of disease between people and their own pets is the biggest animal threat a family faces," Viri says. "Javelina are just not a factor in rabies control. People shouldn't worry about that. They should worry about the way dogs destroy wildlife habitats."

"But what about these rumors?" I ask him. "What about terrified humans threatening to have evil javelina deported?"

"We had a couple of wild javelina that had been chased out of a wash by dogs. They were running down Speedway between Craycroft and Wilmot, working their way across the city streets," he answers. "Our switchboard lit up like fireworks; so did the Tucson Police Department's." Three police teams came with red lights flashing. But the javelina had already found a way back into a wash toward home.

Viri says most javelina calls come from the far perimeters of the city: the Catalinas, Mt. Lemmon Highway, populated areas of Oracle and McGee. He's found injured or displaced javelina around Oracle and Wetmore, bedded in a chicken coop or under a trailer for shade. He's seen six at a time drinking at Silverbell Lake in the summer, and knows gardens around Spanish Trails on the Southeast Side that have been raided for cabbage by a herd of twelve. Viri's staff reports an average of three calls a week about javelina, usually because of purloined plants. They get about ten calls a week about coyote.

"We're the intruders," he says. "They were here first."

"It's a panic situation," Bill Shaw, urban wildlife specialist at the University of Arizona, is saying. "Habitat is being destroyed at a catastrophic rate. Go away for a few weeks, when you come back you don't recognize a corner here, a whole block there."

"We're the only major North American city in prime Sonoran Desert habitat. The mountains, our vegetation and wildlife are a treasure that give Tucson a character and ambiance distinctive from all other Sunbelt cities."

There is a nonstop submachine gun stutter of computer printers in Shaw's bunkerlike cubbyhole in the UA Biological Sciences building. Cardboard cartons of pamphlets, studies and maps are stacked everywhere—ammo for an information war. Usually he is soft spoken, a faintly jolly guy. But he knows time is running out.

Glimmers of hope keep him going. Habitat preservation has become a recent theme of the county supervisors. The county planning department has rewritten forty percent of the zoning code. Recent passage of a specific plan ordinance will encourage sensitive development of remaining habitats.

But the legacy of old laws and past politics haunts us: Destructive projects authorized seven or more years ago are paving washes and blasting away habitat today.

Saw our local javelina last night! Heard something on the patio. Looked out the window and saw two piglets sniffing the stones just inside the porchlight area. A large misshapen creature was outlined in the moonlight behind them. I looked closer. It was actually two adults, one mounted on the other in the shadows of the lilac bush. Amazing. Javelina romance in my own backyard! Made a noise while reaching for my camera. They vanished.

Shaw's map of "Critical and Sensitive Wildlife Habitats of Eastern Pima County" and a guide for conservation have been adopted by the supervisors, who want them used in a forthcoming comprehensive plan for county development.

The habitat map—known around town as the "bunny freeway map"—is a red-hot best seller by government standards. Developers and politicians across the city have it in their offices. It's into a second printing. But Shaw knows there's a wide gap between policy resolutions and real change.

A "bank stabilization" of the Rillito near River Road and Campbell using eight-foot-thick soil cement is Shaw's worst nightmare come true. A vast swath of vegetation has been decimated below two classy new business complexes. Shaw is angry. He says flood control and conservation must go together if the interconnected washes—natural corridors for wild animals to the mountain reserves surrounding Tucson—are to be saved.

"The animals, if they're going to survive here, need bigger areas. There's simply not enough territory left if they can't go back and forth to the large areas. We still have a chance...."

County officials and developers are finally beginning to see the importance of the drainage system, the riparian habitat, as an extension of mountain vegetation into the community that is rich for wild animals and beautiful for humans, he says. Fortunately, he adds, that riverside land is also the least appropriate for building because of flood hazards.

Shaw throws a few parting shots at me as he piles pamphlets into my arms and pushes me out the door. "Traditionally, wildlife biologists viewed cities as sacrifice zones, places where you stack people into apartments, build factories, pour concrete and asphalt over the last blade of grass. We thought nature, for city people, was something to go see on their vacation...."

Urban wildlife specialists were considered the "lunatic fringe." But a strange thing is showing up in government surveys and housing industry marketing studies. People like nature—even people who live in cities. People will pay more money to live in a city that is well planned to include nature. Developments that provide contact with the wild are more profitable. And people who are around nature tend to be happier and healthier.

When "observing wildlife near your home" is included on surveys as a recreation choice, it ranks above bicycling, boating, tennis, camping and golf as a favorite pastime. The most enthusiastic nature lovers have higher education and income levels, but studies show that Americans of every description consider nature near their home an important part of their lives.

Nature sells, and nature lovers vote. This message is starting to get through to politicians and speculators. And that matters, because wildlife habitat management decisions in cities are made not by naturalists, but by elected officials. If the effects



of their actions on wildlife survival is not a priority now, soon there will be no reason to bring the matter up.

My son, Tim, goes to college in California. He has held a job since he started. Coming home for Christmas is the first vacation he's had in a year. I'm excited to hear he's received a private scholarship to study at Oxford University in England, but he arrives anxious and weary and says he's decided not to accept.

He explains that politics prevent his college from applying Oxford's credits toward his undergraduate degree. As we string candy canes, colored lights and shiny silk balls around our Christmas tree on the patio, Tim glumly recites all the financial reasons it's impractical to accept. He's not going to go.

At 5:30 a.m. I wake startled to the sound of hoofs. Rather than reindeer, the patio is full of javelina. I wake Tim. On our knees, peeking through the window, we watch two piglets poke their noses into gift wrapping. The adults pop up on hind legs to reach the Christmas tree. One nibbles at the decorations, sniffing, the other mouths a silk ball. Tim's eyes are like saucers. One adult javelina takes a ball firmly into her mouth, plucks it from the tree,

then startles as the tree totters toward them. The herd scatters instantly, fleeing up a trail, the sow dribbling the Christmas ball across the desert, red ribbons around her snout, tinsel draping the cactus along her route. Our bellies ache as we collapse to the floor, rolling with laughter, until Tim, red-faced and gasping for air, looks at me, lighthearted and nineteen again at last, and says, "What the heck, Mom, I'm going to England!"

A javelina Christmas is nice to remember.

In a crosstown traffic jam radio news bleats that Ron Asta has won a zoning variance approving a 196-unit development near my place. I'm alarmed, and swing over to ask if he's considered the impact on wildlife in the Tucson Mountains.

Asta worked in the county planning department from 1965 to 1972, then was elected supervisor. In the 1970s *Time Magazine* made his name and Tucson's "Astacrat" platform synonymous with "no growth" movements. But in 1976 a coalition of local developers, car dealers, bankers and other growth advocates defeated him. For the last eight years Asta has worked in real estate, calling himself a quarter-back who guides quality development around

neighborhood association and regulatory hurdles.

He has taken heat from former allies for "working with the enemy." It's not surprising. He speaks bluntly: "The growth-no-growth issue is dead," Asta says on the nether side of the 1980s. "Growth is here. The world has discovered Tucson. There's no way we can keep them out. The questions that matter now deal with how we can ensure quality growth."

Asta Planning and Zoning has a modest office at Campbell and River. As we walk to his "conference room"—an outside rock grotto shared with several other fledgling companies, equipped with picnic table, waterfall, resident gray squirrel and Inca doves—he glows with excitement. Quality-of-life issues, like saving lowland wildlife corridors and keeping mountain views, have been the focus of recent talks between his developer clients and county planners.

"This approach is about partnership. In the old days I worked with only two legs of the triangle: the neighborhoods and the government regulators. Today I see we've got to include the developers—they're the third leg." Today Asta believes in the power of incentives: "Developers need to know what the rules are, and they need to benefit from adhering to them."

He ducks into his office for his own copy of Bill Shaw's wildlife map. He praises it highly. "This is a great tool, we've needed this for a long time. As a developer, if you spot an important natural feature in your area, right off the bat you know that's going to be a major issue in your development. This map tells me I've got to do a real thorough vegetation and

far. I came to him worried about 196 units. Now he reveals that a total of 1,238 units are to be built! I'm stunned.

I want to think he is a scoundrel. I stare at the token squirrel and single Inca dove, at the concrete waterfall and the parking lot above. I want to feel outrage and loss and stubborn grieving the way I did as a child in Southern California as I watched my personal wild places disappear, as the streams and swamps and raspberry patches were bladed to dusty subdivisions. I want to stand up and storm out, I want to make it not happen, and then the quick loop to the past collides with an echo from the present:

"The growth-no-growth issue is dead. What matters now is to ensure quality growth." Asta is right. It hurts, but it's true.

A storm has just swept the valley with a veil of rain. At sunset the clouds pile into gray towers outlined in scarlet. There is a mingling of mystery, deep time and a painful sense of fragility that has come to the high desert mountains with the latest New York and California investment capital.

Yesterday, as the sun dropped behind the mountains, I visited a cliff covered with 1,600-year-old petroglyphs. Ghost images of mule deer and dancing human figures with feathered masks flickered in the last light: The Hohokam traveled here.

I looked out across three valleys. To the north and west in the starlight there were javelina and coyote, deer and mountain goat. To the east and south clots of city lights were scattered like luminescent molds.

At 5:30 a.m. I wake startled to the sound of hoofs. Rather than reindeer, the patio is full of javelina...We watch two piglets poke their noses into gift wrapping.

wildlife analysis on my hundred acres, so I'll start with that, before I do my site plan. That will make life easier for me down the road."

I've been too busy to say hello yet to my new neighbor, LaMaya, who has planted spring flowers at the cottage. A great commotion in her yard this morning. My lord: Pecaries came last night. They munched her flowers, efficiently plucked only the blossoms from the tops like bonbons—a row of ten neatly decapitated marigolds. They know I've been trying to photograph the javelina and like to have them come through. LaMaya looks across at me accusingly, but says nothing, and I duck back inside to my work, a coward with a faintly guilty conscience.

Pima County's Tucson Mountain Area Plan rewards the preservation of open space and natural wildlife corridors with "cluster densities," an incentive approach that pleases Asta. If a developer leaves part of his land as natural open space, and protects wildlife corridors, he is rewarded with higher unit densities on the remainder of the parcel. Asta tells me he has worked on three cases in my area, and that two rezonings have been passed so

Like fungal spores, the works of the Sunbelt building boom have blown across the desert valley. There is a fever of dust and trailer trucks, congested traffic and construction workers crowding ubiquitous Circle Ks for coffee at dawn. Planned communities, condominiums and resort hotels form our new ecology.

The Estes Co. considers itself a leader in preserving habitat while building large-scale planned communities. Dennis Wall and Doug Noll work with the Estes Community Development Division. Wall, a muscular Vietnam vet whose passion is summer fast-pitch softball, is proud they are saving wildlife corridors with ridge development designs that leave slopes and washes natural.

Noll especially is proud of the Ventana Canyon project at the base of the Catalinas near Sabino Canyon. It combines an internationally recognized Loews resort and golf course with residential sites.

"We spent a fortune preserving vegetation and habitat to prove it could be done," Noll explains. "We inventoried every saguaro and mesquite and replanted everything we removed. We'd been told that you couldn't harvest palo verde and mesquite from the building site. We worked with consultants

who showed us how to box trees as we worked, and then revegetate on site."

Importantly, the building sites themselves were fenced off so the surrounding vegetation was protected. "If anyone got out of the construction area they were fired," Noll said. "It was that strict, and that careful, and it worked." Dramatically successful, Ventana is seen as one of the most beautiful examples of environmentally integrated modern architecture in the country.

Over in the Northwest, near the Sheraton El Conquistador resort, Estes is working on another controversial residential development. La Reserve Wilderness Estates are large tracts for private purchase that will border Catalina State Park. There the developer has agreed to write rigid deed restrictions against dogs being off leash or outside fenced areas.

Estes was convinced by evidence from Arizona Game and Fish naturalists that the very presence of dogs causes bighorn sheep to retreat. Introduction of domestic dogs to wildlife habitats is potentially the most threatening element of urban expansion. And the population of sheep in this area, the last band in the Tucson valley, has dwindled alarmingly in recent years.

In a shrewd marketing strategy, Estes is using the decline of the bighorn as an attraction at La Reserve, just as it used pictures of the wildlife in the Catalinas to advertise "your neighbors at Ventana Canyon."

At La Reserve, deep-pocket buyers are invited to be "protectors of wildlife," and to get several thousand dollars in annual tax breaks at the same time. Fifty-seven designated "wilderness lots" bordering Coronado National Forest will be sold, each with a naturally preserved easement. The university will use the easements (225 acres in all) for study of the bighorn; private property signs will keep hikers and their pets away, and the IRS will allow part of the easement value to be deducted as a charitable donation for conservation.

The lots alone are targeted to sell at \$115,000 to \$225,000. Million-dollar homes will be built there. This strange mix of motives and bedfellows gives a nod to habitat concerns, but the possibility that we are auctioning off our natural heritage to a rich elite is disturbing.

By contrast, Estes' "middle America" and "entry level" projects (Midvale Park and the planned Acacia Hills near Marana) are developed in former farmlands without much wild habitat left to consider. Wall points out that "in developments selling houses at \$50,000 to \$70,000, 'saving the environment' usually means putting it on a truck."

Wild pig stories are everywhere. The counter man at a nearby deli was taught to hunt javelina by his father. He tells of stalking the high mountain ridges, seeking signs of herds. He's seen them try to escape straight up cliffs rather than attack forward toward a person. Now he goes tracking just to get out into the mountains, to test his knowledge of the wild, to challenge his senses, but not to hunt. He says the construction at Ventana and El Conquistador decimated the habitat of two herds.

Many developers agree there can also be a strong market demand for mid-priced housing surrounded by wildlife habitats. But there are few examples so far.

One of Asta's clients in the Tucson Mountains is aiming for the "affordable" market of \$90,000 homes. Such projects will make wildlife preservation "less of an elitist issue," he says. After lengthy

give-and-take, Frontier Investments has won a rezoning for 1,042 units on 463 acres at Agua Dulce. Homes will be built in clusters on small lots surrounded by unfenced wild lands and views. Sixty percent of the parcel will be left as interconnected habitat. Roger Wash, a main wildlife corridor taking up nearly a fifth of the acreage, has been deeded by the developers to Tucson Mountain Park.

Assurance that the open spaces will be preserved as wild habitat is written into the zoning ordinance and property deeds. Any changes would require full agreement by all parties, including a new county hearing that would bring in the Game and Fish Department on behalf of wildlife.

Steve Murray, a consultant with Asta on the project, is enthusiastic: "Buyers in this community will

destroying what brought us here in the first place. The word "balance" is on his mind a lot.

He puts his faith in the county's new specific plan ordinance. It requires developers to define their project up front and to cooperate with planners, negotiate with neighborhoods. Johnson is convinced that old fashioned low-density zoning can do more to degrade environmental quality than carefully planned higher densities with open space, visual sensitivity and preservation of wildlife habitat.

Under the oldtime zoning approach, developers could do virtually anything with land. "They could go in there and nuke it, bulldoze all the natural vegetation and level the topography, build a cookie-cutter subdivision and a grid of fences over what

face against the creature's ear so his buddy can make a snapshot of the two of them—Man and Vanquished Beast Take a Smoke Break Together. Then he cut off the heads and took them home to keep in the deep freeze in his garage.

Wildlife managers with Game and Fish have well-organized techniques for working with animal populations. It's the human population they find most unpredictable, and sometimes bizarre.

They are skeptical that the rapid growth of the city, even with the most enlightened policies for habitat preservation, can be accomplished without causing the javelina to retreat.

As a species, we modern humans aren't the best neighbors. If we could use the same good judgment as primitive man and allow wild to stay wild, and appreciate it for what it is, coexistence would be possible. But we don't seem able to stop there.

I remember chuckling when Shaw, in dismay, asked, "What is that guy from New Jersey who moves into one of these 'wildlife' developments going to do the first time he sees a big Palo Verde beetle on his front porch? He's gonna go get ten pounds of pesticide and end up poisoning every bird in the neighborhood."

Well-intentioned "loving our wildlife to death" is no better. The voice of a wildlife manager echoes in my mind: Taming a wild animal to eat scraps of food is a cruel invitation to disaster. Giving food or water to a javelina is giving it a death sentence. Once it loses its fear of humans, it is destined to get in trouble, to be attacked by pet dogs, hit by cars, or cornered in a garage and shot.

Might all this magnificent evolution of political trade-offs, the balancing of economic and neighborhood interests that has finally brought us to the edge of a policy for quality growth, totter and fail because we forgot one little detail? Because we forgot to consider the need of the invading foreigners to understand the language of the desert?

I know now our "gang of five" is probably doomed. But I can hope, and I'm even more grateful for what these comical creatures have brought into my life, just by living theirs close by.

The clatter of hoofs on the stone patio interrupts my dreams. Torn between fascination with the javelina and a passion to see these flowers survive into summer, I run out into the moonlight. It's the gang of five again—three adults and two growing babies. Suddenly from LaMaya's porch I hear explosive snorts and wheezes that would make a chemical warfare specialist proud. The javelina freeze, then bolt, but the snorting sounds continue. I walk cautiously toward the cottage porch, peering into the darkness.

LaMaya—halfway through the screen door, hair wild and eyes still filled with sleep—is herself mimicking the sounds of a javelina stricken with an asthma attack. I call her name softly to the shadows. She stumbles into the moonlight in her nightgown, doubled over with belly laughter, and we stand together laughing, surrounded by javelina tracks on the far side of midnight, becoming neighbors.

We need wild. We need it close. There's no reason anymore to ask why.

Editor's note: Several events in this story have been reconstructed from official reports. The names of some individuals have been changed upon request to protect privacy.

Patric Hedlund is a Tucson writer and producer of television documentaries.



be able to ride their ponies or walk up the wash all the way to Tucson Mountain Park without being stopped by fences."

Spring is upon us all. We went to the nursery down on Silverbell and bought marigolds, pansies, verbena, star-like alyssum. Mary, my landlady and neighbor (beautiful and energetic at eighty-five, despite a Teflon hip), is excited about the gardens we've put in.

I wake in the middle of the night to a sound of tiny hoofs on the patio stones. By the time I get to the window Mary is making thunderous thumpings from inside her house to scare the javelina. It works. Through the night a quiet conspiracy of vigilance hums beneath our sleep. The next day, over at the cottage, LaMaya brews a noxious tea of herbs and garlic and is out in the midmorning sunshine sprinkling a witches' brew and cayenne pepper on all our earnest spring blossoms. Aha! Whole Earth Biodegradable Chemical Warfare comes to the West Bank.

Robert Johnson, director of planning and development services for the county, lives in the Tucson Mountains. He and his family like to look out the window and see javelina on their porch; he likes seeing deer when he jogs. He's also a pragmatist. He expects the Tucson Mountains to look more like Tucson than Arivaca in seven years, and says we need to find a way to accommodate growth without

was once washes and ridges," one developer points out. And without preserved natural space, there is nothing magic about traditional one-house-per-acre and suburban-ranch (one house per 3.3 acres) zonings. Fences usually grid off natural passages, and dogs chase away the remaining wildlife.

Johnson is pleased. "Now we build in incentives for developers...to preserve contiguous open spaces rather than just put a cookie-cutter grid across and come ask for rezoning. We want them to analyze the site, to know its critical and sensitive wildlife and habitat features, to tell us how they're going to mitigate damage to natural features during construction...."

"This community is saying 'we value wildlife,' and the process is now in place to see that we remind the politicians and the developers of that priority."

Stopped by the printers to pick up a project. One worker there, Mel, whips out pictures from his Wild Pig Hunt.

We pass around snaps of guys dressed in camouflage battle fatigues with hunting rifles, blizzard white smiles in sweaty faces, hoisting beers in front of a row of five javelina carcasses strung by their back feet from a mesquite limb. For one photo, Mel props a javelina on the truck seat with him, its head against the window frame. He stuffs a cigarette into its dead mouth, then leans his



Heartbreak

Here in the heart-transplant capital, every story isn't a success story.

By Don Green

We sit in the light-blue chairs drinking red wine while the sun dies on the clipped lawn outside the Cafe Terra Cotta. His words float in air rich with mesquite smoke and he hardly speaks of Ozella. I have known Don Green for ten years, a casual friendship based on books, the looting of water in the West, small talk of the academic world. He always wears a cowboy hat, boots and a ready smile.

Late one Sunday night in March, he called me from Edmund, Oklahoma, where he teaches American history at the university, and told me his wife was ill, a virus had attacked her heart, and after a two-year struggle there was nothing left but the hope of a transplant. They had been married thirty-one years. He explained they would be coming out to University Medical Center, he would need a place to stay, could I find him an apartment. I put him up at my mother's home.

And now the long struggle has ended. He is fifty-one, balding, polite, and we eat goat cheese with chili, drink a California cabernet with Lily Langtry on the label, and somehow talk of the English Corn Laws of the 1830s, the Chartists, the corruption of the Regency, the decline of the Fourth of July as a holiday. We seldom drift into the world of high-risk surgery.

Don Green was raised on a north Texas ranch where the old men remembered the last drives and the days of

Comanche menace. Over good wine in the cafe, he is rolling now, deep into his boyhood on horseback. The Fourth then, he says, was not the parades and special sales and government stuff we get now. When he was a kid, they all met at a grove of cottonwoods along a creek, everyone in the county came, and various ranchers donated steers. The old men would supervise the digging of the pit, the burning down of ricks of wood to form a bed of coals, and then the burlap-wrapped meat would be buried, the pit covered with dirt and they would vent the smouldering fire from time to time and monitor the cooking of the beef. A rodeo would take place near the grove, just local boys, no professionals, and when the meat was ready, everyone would eat free, everyone who lived in that county. And they would sit under the trees eating and talking and rubbing sore muscles and bones from the rodeo and that would be the Fourth of July, the county's Independence Day, each and every year.

It is Thursday evening, May 21, and he will leave on his mission Saturday morning. The sun is almost dead now. We have had enough to drink. Our bill comes to fifty five dollars. He hands me a notebook.

This is Don's journal of one couple's wait for a heart transplant.

—The editor



Heart-transplant capital University Medical Center.

Kevin Coleman/BMC UMC

■ **Sunday, March 29, 1987.**

We left Oklahoma City's Wiley Post Airport in a fifty-mile-an-hour cold north wind with light blowing snow at 1:45 p.m. via an air evac ambulance (a converted twin-engine turbo-prop Aero Commander). Ozella, in a pink robe, was whisked from Mercy Hospital by an ambulance just thirty minutes prior to take-off.

The outpouring of love by our close friends was overwhelming. They arrived at the hospital at about 10:30 with balloons and a banner, escorted the ambulance to the airport, and sent us off with hope, tears and Godspeed. The banner read, "You Gotta Have Heart. Come Back Home Oz."

We had a strong head-wind and it took us over three hours to reach Tucson. Had excellent care. Met by ambulance at airport and brought to the University Medical Center. Ozella was put into the Coronary Care Unit. Her cardiologist, Dr. Sam "Buck" Buckman, a red-haired man in perhaps his late thirties, possessed a dry sense of humor. He and a couple of medical students came in to examine her. Scheduled a heart catheter and a number of other tests for tomorrow morning.

About 8 p.m. I left Oz by taxi for Mrs. Bowden's home. She has been gracious enough to provide me with a

bedroom while we are here. "Bo" Bowden is truly an angel of mercy, a lady in her seventies.

■ **Monday, March 30.**

I arose at 5:45, showered and walked to the Plaza Hotel coffee shop (on my way to the hospital) for breakfast. Tests were done on Oz all morning and into the afternoon. But the most important test will not be done until tomorrow—the heart and pulmonary catheter test to determine if her lung pressure is within manageable limits for a heart transplant.

I took a break by walking across the University of Arizona campus.

We are beginning to feel like the condemned on death row. Will we get a stay of execution? If my Oz has no hope, what will we do? My first impulse, in that case, is simply to take her home, drive into the garage, leave the engine running and hold her in my arms. Tomorrow we will see.

■ **Tuesday, March 31.**

Today at 2:15 we are still awaiting the heart-catheter test. The anxiety is more than I can bear at times. I try to break the morning with a walk across the University of Arizona campus.

Finally the test was completed and

Oz was brought back to her room at about 5 p.m. The good news from Dr. Buckman is that the pulmonary pressure, which ranged from 6.9 to 5.3, may be caused by a faulty valve rather than by the lungs—so she is classified as marginal.

Buckman said that he and Dr. Jack Copeland's transplant team would meet tomorrow to evaluate all the tests before making a decision about the transplant.

■ **Wednesday, April 1.**

A member of the team, a young lady, came by this morning to tell us that, after much discussion this morning, no decision has yet been made on the viability of the transplant. Buckman later brought the famous Dr. Copeland in to meet us. Buckman and Copeland said that a "Swann" catheter would be inserted into Oz's neck artery (or vein) and medication would be injected in an attempt to get her pulmonary pressure lower. If the pressure can be lowered, she will undoubtedly be a candidate for a transplant. Oz did not take the news well. She remains pessimistic about the prospect. Perhaps we will know soon.

I have met several other people here whose hospitalized relatives are in worse shape—one has a thirty-five-year-old daughter who has suffered a

massive viral infection which included her heart. A poor Hispanic man named Joe has a wife here who has terminal cancer. As I talked to him near an elevator, a woman who overheard the conversation pressed a saint's medallion into his hand, told him it contained a genuine relic, and to pray to that particular saint.

We are all very vulnerable, grasping at all straws, religious and otherwise. Joe has his saint, and we have Jack Copeland.

■ **Thursday, April 2.**

Good News!! Ozella underwent still one more test today—a Swann catheter was inserted into her right jugular vein and some medication was pumped into her pulmonary artery. The result: Her pulmonary pressure was lowered to 3.89, which puts us into the "ball game."

■ **Friday, April 3.**

Two of the nurses, Mary Jean and Eileen, members of the transplant team, gave us the good news today—still unofficial, of course. We expect to be notified officially by Drs. Copeland and Buckman this afternoon.

We have been told that we can expect to wait perhaps two months for a heart—then remain here for two to

three more months for post-transplant therapy.

■ Monday, April 7.

Dr. Copeland dropped by at about 1:15 to tell us that Oz has officially been put on the "list." He mentioned the possibility of a "piggyback" heart transplant if her lung pressure is too high during the operation, but said that the team would make the determination during the operation.

■ Tuesday, April 8.

Oz was moved to another room on the floor below (5th) in another ICU area. It looks as if she will remain in the hospital until another heart is found.

■ Thursday, April 9.

Oz was moved back to the 6th floor ICU—too noisy down on 5. Oz has been sleeping all afternoon after spending a couple of sleepless days and nights. She finally has gotten some much needed rest.

■ Friday, April 10.

Ozella appeared to be doing well this morning, well enough to sit in a chair for a short time. But near noon she began failing rapidly as her blood pressure dropped. Members of the team worked all afternoon with her, inserting first a Swann catheter under her left collarbone, then putting in an aortic balloon via a catheter in her right groin.

The aortic catheter is hooked up to a kind of large pumping machine which carefully monitors her heart pressure. I finally left at 9 p.m., thoroughly drained. Had a couple of stiff Scotches on the rocks when I reached Mrs. Bowden's house.

■ Saturday, April 11.

Woke early this morning at 4:30 and rose at 5:00. By the time I showered and shaved and walked, I arrived at the hospital at 6:00. Found Ozella doing well. The treatment has greatly helped her. She was groggy from sedation, but awake enough to crack a humorous remark or two.

The team did a transplant on a man who appears to be in his sixties, last night. At the time he was No. 1 on the list. The donor's heart came in by helicopter from Phoenix about 9:00 last night. The man had already been "prepped" and anesthetized by the time the chopper arrived. Incidentally, part of the team is responsible for bringing back a healthy heart. The man is doing fine in recovery this a.m.

The good news is that because Ozella is so ill she is now No. 1 on the list. But the heart must be blood type A positive (a fairly common type) and the donor must be a rather large, mus-

cular male with a large heart, and no more than thirty-five years of age.

This all sounds very promising, but the sobering thought is that a donor must be found in the next week or so. She cannot remain on this machine for very long.

■ Sunday, April 12.

Ozella has lost ground again today. The doctors and nurses continue to adjust her medication for a rapidly failing heart, and the aortic balloon machine continues its steady K-thump, K-thump, K-thump. We have only a few days left.

I can see the helicopter landing pad out my north window. The heart will

arrive, if it does, by helicopter.

I take a walk on the terrace and think about our lives and future. What will I do if she does not pull through? The thought that my life would never be the same again depresses me no end. And then there are the boys. Their lives will also be changed.

The walk to and from the hospital helps relieve the depression and sadness and loneliness.

I have never felt more alone—I hold onto Oz only by the most slender of threads and it is becoming more frayed each day. I find myself drawing inward and finding inner resources to sustain me, much as I did as a lonely, ugly-duckling kid.

■ Monday, April 13.

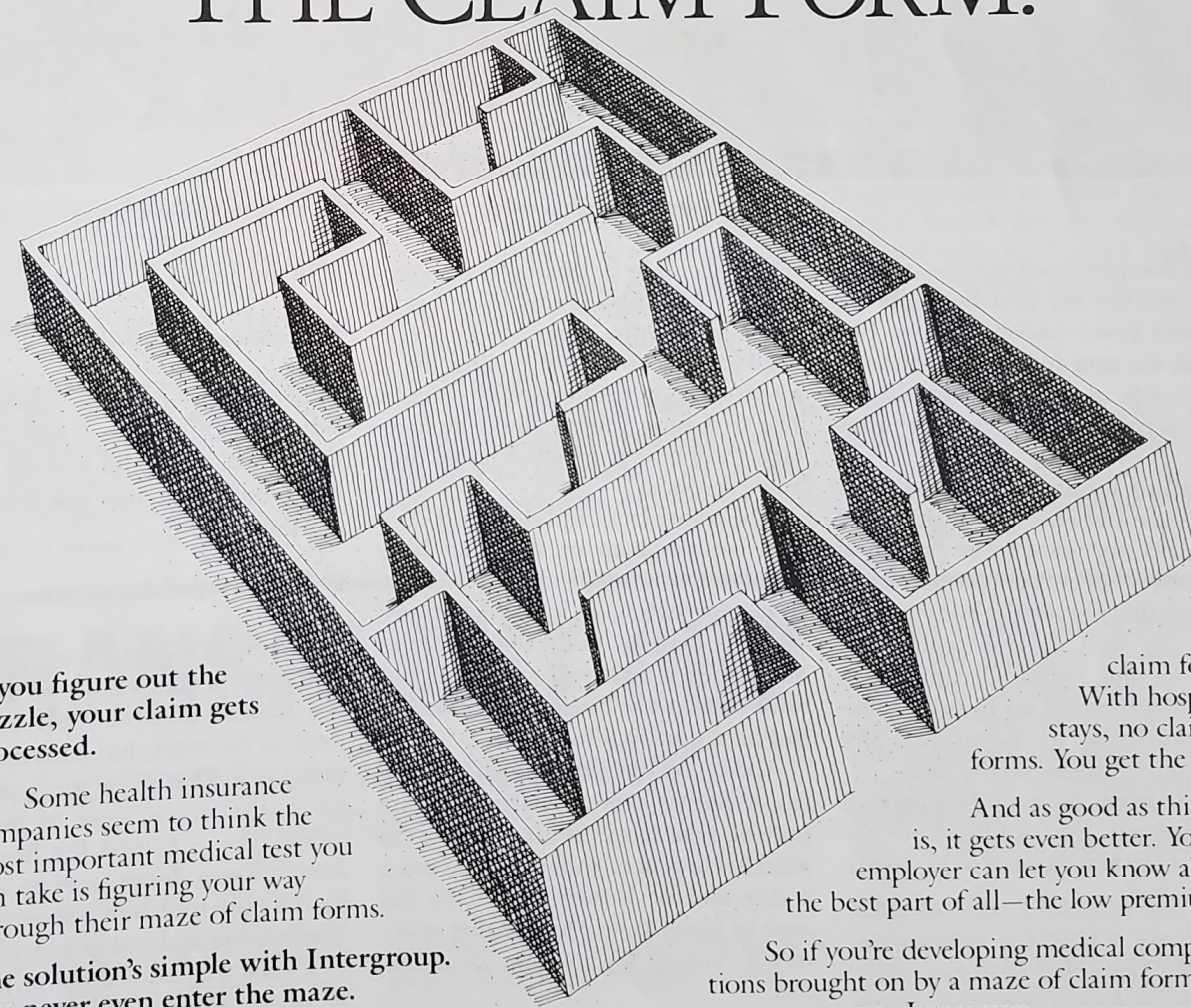
Today I was most depressed. Talked to Drs. Clark and Rehnmann. Told them if Oz reached the point in the deterioration of her vital organs that a transplant would be out of the question, I want to know because she would want the machine turned off.

Thank God a friend met me for drinks at the Plaza Hotel bar and then we went to a Thai restaurant. The conversation took me away from the present.

■ Tuesday, April 14.

My Sweetest was very lucid this morning. I told her of my conversation

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A59/7-86



Light streams from a helicopter flying vital organs to a waiting patient at UMC.

Charles Hedgcock

with the doctors about the life-support system and for the first time I broke down and cried uncontrollably. She consoled me and for the first time in weeks, I felt a certain tranquility, a kind of acceptance of whatever may happen.

We talked about death. She said she was at peace and ready for death. Told me she did not want to be "put into the ground." I promised her that if she died, I would cremate the body here in Tucson, fly to L.A. and scatter her ashes over the Pacific Ocean, which she always thought so beautiful, before returning to Edmund. She seemed quite pleased at the idea.

But she seems to be holding up well at the moment. I do not think we are yet out of the ball game if only we can find a donor.

■ Wednesday, April 15.

Oz and the nurses conspired to surprise me with an ice cream cake on my birthday. "Bo" took me to dinner.

■ Monday, April 20.

Today begins our fourth week here. It has gone rather quickly, thank goodness.

Frank West arrived Saturday from Edmund and spent the weekend with me. That helped me tremendously. He pulled me out of the "pit" of stress

which seems to be gradually enveloping me. My chest seems to be heavy much of the time. I have twice awakened during the night feeling that I just could not breathe deeply enough. The first time I felt a slight momentary, throbbing pain which lasted only a few seconds.

The transplant candidate next door is a businessman of sixty-one from Colorado awaiting a heart. The obstacle preventing an immediate transplant is that his body manufactures antibodies which must be matched with similar antibodies of the donor. But he is quite optimistic.

Today, we met Jim Phillips, a cheerful, talkative former heart-transplant patient, who received his new heart in March. He is now walking three miles a day and he is surrounded by the aura of being alive. He said that every day is "sweet" for him and an adventure.

Before the transplant Phillips was on the "balloon" for twenty days, and in worse shape than Ozella. She has been much encouraged by the visit. Oz has been on the "balloon" ten days today. There is still hope. Everyday I look out the north windows of Oz's room toward the Santa Catalina Mountains to see them change color, light and shadow. I also look out those north windows at the helicopter pad. The heart "harvesting" team will use the pad to leave here and to return

with the heart.

■ Wednesday, April 22.

The "team" met this morning. Decided that Oz is still a viable candidate for a heart. Copeland told me that the heart must be a large one from a 180-200 pound man.

■ Friday, April 24.

The big news the last couple of days is that Jim Schocklee, a man in his thirties who received a heart transplant early in the week, has suffered a heart mismatch. That is, he was apparently given the wrong type of heart. His blood type is O and the heart taken from a Texas donor, was an A. Copeland's team took him into surgery late Wednesday and put in a Jarvik heart.

Ozella was moved out of her room to make way for Schocklee because hers was one of only two rooms with a compressed gas line to handle a Jarvik heart. Today, Schocklee was sitting up. He awaits a permanent new heart. This is Ozella's fourteenth day on the machine. Perhaps this will be the weekend for a heart.

■ Sunday, April 26.

The businessman from Colorado is not going to make it. I spoke with him only yesterday. He had grown so

much weaker in only a few days. He is now in a coma and on a respirator to keep him breathing. He probably has only a few hours at most to live. I talked with his wife, and understood completely what is going on in her mind and emotions. Through her tears, I sense a kind of release as well.

Ozella is still hanging in there, but she is getting so tired of the fight to stay alive. She has told me that it would be so easy to simply "let go," but we are going to try to hang on for another week.

We are all like a family in this coronary care unit. When one dies here, we all grieve, we all die a little.

The Colorado man died in the early-morning hours on Monday.

■ Tuesday, April 28.

I spent all last night at the hospital—almost twenty-four hours 'round the clock because Ozella is suffering from paranoia and disorientation at night. Needless to say, I got little sleep. But got back to Bo's house for a little nap this morning. I suppose I may have slept two or three hours at the hospital in a chair and on the floor.

Ozella is so disoriented and really willing to die. She is convinced that she will not make it in spite of my efforts to keep up her spirits. I have promised her that if she will keep up her will to live at least until next Mon-

day—give this a fighting chance—I will let her “let go” and get the doctor to take her off the machine. Can I do it? I hope that my love is strong enough to do it.

We were able to converse in the afternoon for a time, although she “faded” in and out of sleep. As we talked, I told her that without her I had no purpose in life and I broke down and cried—a good healthy cry I suppose—the worst (or best) so far.

As she nears what may very well be the end, I suppose the worst fears are for myself. How will I face tomorrow without her? Will I be capable of finding some reason for living without her?

■ Wednesday, April 29.

Oz is doing better today.

■ Thursday, April 30.

Ozella’s blood pressure dropped to the upper 70s this afternoon but the staff got it back into the upper 80s through medication and adjustment of the aortic balloon machine.

■ Friday, May 1.

Blood pressure fell again this afternoon, but once again, the nurse managed to get it up into the 80s. This I perceive, however, as a problem. Her heart is perhaps getting weaker.

■ Saturday, May 2.

Ozella is usually fairly comfortable in the morning, after sleeping until late in the a.m., especially if she has had a sleepless night. But when she awakes, within an hour or so, she often becomes so uncomfortable that she begins to moan rhythmically. She also periodically develops bladder spasms

caused by infection, undoubtedly from the catheter. She wants the relief that only death can bring her.

■ Wednesday, May 6.

From Sunday to Tuesday, Ozella’s blood pressure tended to drop. Yesterday, Dr. Sam Bertman, her cardiologist and Dr. Cedric Kavena (the Hopi surgeon) pulled another “rabbit out of the hat” and got her pressure to climb up into the 90s. Bertman “blew out” the catheter to dislodge a possible clot.

At about 10:45, Dr. Rehnmann walked into the room to tell me that they have a possible donor. The nurses are now giving her medication in preparation for taking Ozella to surgery—so this may be it. But I must remain guarded about this. I have learned that the donor is a 145-pound male in a hospital in Phoenix—but they are having trouble “managing the donor,” i.e., keeping him alive until the team “harvests” the heart. It is now 11:50 a.m.

At about noon we were told that the donor’s heart had “crumpled.” Words cannot express the disappointment. I had to get out of the hospital for a while.

■ Sunday, May 10.

For several days, Ozella’s kidneys appeared to be failing, but on Friday the doctors once again pulled a “rabbit out of a hat.” Today is Ozella’s 30th day on the machine. Ozella’s blood pressure has dropped into the low 80s. Must lower her head and raise her feet.

Jim Schocklee, who was put on a Jarvik artificial heart after the mismatch, underwent transplant surgery again last week and is up now walking around the hospital and doing fine. Heard today that the 129th per-

son underwent a heart transplant last night.

Ozella’s blood pressure began to drop this morning. By afternoon it was in the upper 70s. Her head was lowered and feet raised to get it back into the 80s. Dr. Copeland came around and ordered her already low fluid intake cut back to 800 cc mouth-intake per day. This has caused a rise in the sodium concentration in the body and raised the blood pressure.

■ Friday, May 15.

Today is Ozella’s 35th day on the machine. Her blood pressure is holding well thanks to Copeland’s decision to cut her oral-intake of liquid to 800 cc. At first she suffered terribly from thirst, but after a couple of days she did not complain.

She sleeps most of the time, thank goodness, so she suffers from little discomfort.

How much longer? I think she “holds on” just for me. The last few days I have had a tendency, I think, to slip into some depression. God help me, but I am getting to the point where I want some resolution, one way or the other, of the crisis. I don’t know how much longer I can carry on. And I feel guilty for even having such thoughts.

■ Sunday, May 17.

Today is the 37th day. The doctors say that her strength to survive is incredible. She is now barely aware of things around her—so weak, so slow of speech. Her blood pressure is in the low 80s today.

A friend drove me into the Santa Catalina Mountains today. Was out of this hospital room today for the first time in seven weeks. What sweet, temporary relief!

■ Tuesday, May 19.

This morning, my Oz is sleeping deeply, apparently going into a coma. Dr. Copeland came in to tell me that her kidneys have failed and that there is no hope. I decided to take her off the balloon-pump rather than let her linger on in discomfort for a maximum of four or five days.

I now sit in her room after having a good cry with the staff. Waiting, waiting.

■ Wednesday, May 20.

Ozella has made it through twenty-four hours without her pump. She is incredibly strong. The doctors and nurses have shown much tender emotion over Ozella. The doctors feel very badly that they have been unable to find a heart for her.

She is resting quite peacefully. Her breathing rate is slow. The doctors are now cutting back on her previous drugs, and giving her morphine. The end will not be long in coming.

My insides feel as if some giant God-like force has ripped them out. But yesterday was the worst day. Today we are “cried-out” and waiting for a quiet death.

At 2 p.m. My Sweet Oz took her last breath. She died peacefully and without pain. I asked everyone to leave the room and give me a few minutes with her. I kissed her for the last time, “talked with her,” cried and said finally, “Goodbye, My Oz.” □

On Saturday, May 23, Don Green flew to Los Angeles and scattered his wife’s ashes over the Pacific. He has returned home to Edmund, Oklahoma, and his work and his two sons.

Myron J. Eisenman, M.D., had the University Medical Center’s sixty-second heart transplant February 25, 1985, at UMC. He is forty-nine years old, married with an eight-year-old son. The sign on the door of his home reads: “University of Arizona Heart Transplant Patient #62. Do Not Enter If You Have A Cold, Other Active Infection, Or Contagious Disease.”

To date about 130 transplants have taken place at UMC.

CM: Why is it so hard to find donors?

There’s a lot of bureaucratic foul-ups—sometimes doctors and other health care providers forget about organ donorship under the pressure of the moment—and state laws are not consistent with each other concerning what a donor has to do to give his permission. And there are people who won’t donate for religious reasons. In a lot of automobile accidents the donor card gets taken to the police sta-

tion with the patient’s ID and it is never seen until it’s too late. Invariably when brain death occurs the cardio-vascular system collapses and then the heart is no good. Our commonest source of donors are people who forget to wear their motorcycle helmets. To me one of the greatest tragedies is to have someone die on the waiting list. In Arizona, however, there is a new state law that requires all hospitals to notify the Regional Transplant Center when a potential donor is available.

There are 25,000 eligible donors who die in the United States per year

and yet I think we probably do less than a thousand transplants a year.

CM: To be a donor you almost have to die in the hospital?

Yes, exactly.

CM: What are the odds of surviving a heart transplant?

If you are accepted at UMC and are on the waiting list I heard the figure is that one out of four dies before a heart can be found. Dying on the table is very rare because the surgery is very

easy—it’s easier than a coronary bypass. The one-year survival rate is somewhere around eighty percent. The three-year and five-year survival rate is roughly fifty percent. These figures seem to be improving. Which puts heart transplants in the same category as most cancer patients.

CM: In July, 1982, you had a major myocardial infarction; in February, 1983, you had coronary bypass surgery. You were totally disabled. What was that like?

I am the kind of guy who likes to work. I went home and spent months going downhill, trying to walk around the block once a day. I could barely walk across the living room. I had to sleep with multiple pillows. The depression was unbelievable because I knew what was happening—I was dying. I called a cardiologist, a close friend. He decided the only thing I could do was have a heart transplant

TRANSPLANT #62

A doctor walks us through two years of life with a new heart.

and I said, "Oh, that's science fiction."

CM: Describe the wait at UMC?

That is the toughest period that I had ever experienced up to that point in my life. It's not very pleasant knowing somebody else has to die for you. And you're going downhill all the time. I was one of the lucky ones who wasn't admitted to the hospital, because I was a doctor myself. You're sitting there waiting for the phone and you have a beeper on and every now and then it goes off accidentally and every time it goes off you call in immediately and say, "Did you call me?" You wonder if there are dead spots in the radio transmissions for the beeper and you hesitate to go someplace. I changed the batteries every week.

My brain began to fail and I was in a fog a good deal of the time. What I looked forward to the most was getting through the day and taking a light sleeping pill and having a glass of sherry. And hoping I would live through the night. And hoping the phone would ring and they would call me and say, "We've got a heart for you."

CM: What do you know about the donor?

He was world champion skier and he had fallen and broken his neck. For reasons unknown to me he was a donor and it seems to me some of those people in high risk occupations tend to sign up as donors.

Some of the patients get very heavily involved with the donor families—at some transplant centers you are requested to write a thank you note. We live in a culture where some people think that the heart is where you're at, what makes you feel and act. In actuality it's a pump. Your brain is where you're at.

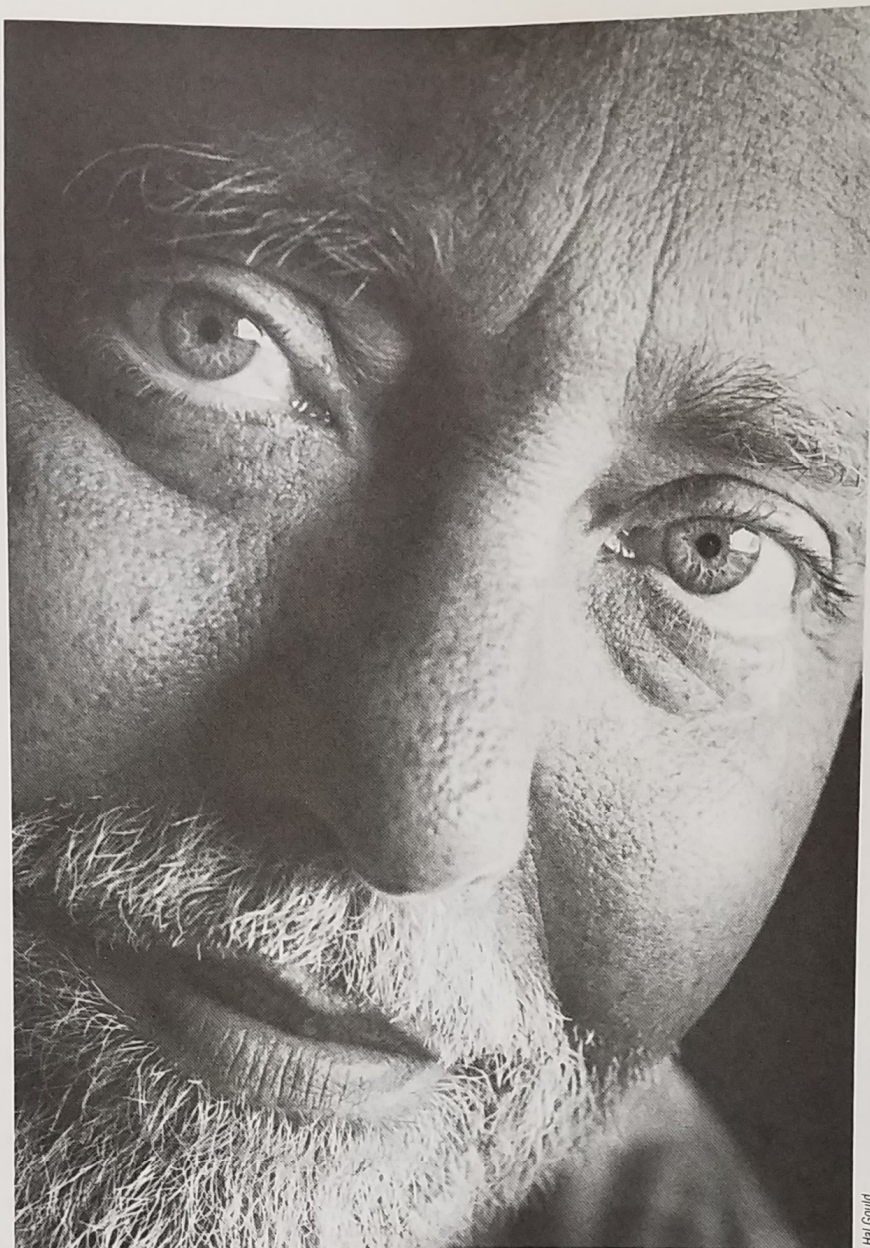
CM: The beeper goes off and then...?

They called me at home and I immediately went into a state of panic, took two nitroglycerin and packed up my family and went to the hospital. I was trembling, I was so scared. About 2 a.m. things got organized.

I was being wheeled to the operating room (OR), my wife was walking along beside the gurney and I had this feeling of doom. I felt that so many bad things had happened to me in the last couple of years that I probably wouldn't make it off the table and that I would never see her again alive. But I acted like, hey, I'll see you around in a couple of hours.

I was wheeled into OR and Dr. Copeland was there and the team and nurses, and everyone was very nice and we made a lot of small talk. The next thing I knew I woke up.

Awakening was an amazing experience for me. The first thing I remember—and I'm lying there connected to



People should know that it is not easy. We've tended to portray a heart transplant as being the same as a tire change.

—Dr. Morton J. Eisenman

a respirator and a tube in my throat and I can't talk—I remember awakening and saying, "My brain is back." During the downhill course the thing that made me the most depressed was that I was losing my ability to think. I realized the respirator was set at an uncomfortable level, so I started writing notes to nurses saying get somebody up here to readjust that respirator. My brain was definitely working again.

You really feel good; you feel like, hey, I want to get up and run down the hall and get out of there. This is time the to go.

CM: Life after surgery?

You learn how to take care of yourself because there are so many things you have to do—transplant patients

help keep themselves alive. When to take your drugs, how to avoid bad situations where there may be a lot of infections. It's forever that way and after awhile you get kind of fed up with it—taking medication every two to four hours is not very pleasant.

It takes about a year to eighteen months and good luck to get back to a normal existence. I myself will never be back to a normal life. I can't work. I am disabled whether I want to admit it or not. I'm really good at short spurts. I could probably work an eight hour day, but by the time I hit the third day I'd have to stop. A third of transplant patients voluntarily retire, a third try to work, and a third are disabled.

CM: What do you intend to do with the rest of your life?

Well, the average life expectancy for a transplant patient is four-and-a-half years and I've gone about two-and-a-half now. I don't know what the rest of my life means.

I have dedicated myself to the transplant program through writing and speaking and helping other transplant patients. I once spoke to some medical students and told them they were the most selfish generation I had ever seen in my lifetime. They booed and hissed—but they signed their donor cards. How to reach the yuppie spawn is a real problem. The best way I've heard it put is that essentially transplant patients exchange one bag of troubles for another bag of troubles. However, the new bag of troubles is a lot better than the old. It's not all roses.

Is it worth it? You bet.

People should know that it is not easy. We've tended to portray a heart transplant as being the same as a tire change. We never read of the heart transplant patient who has lived two years and died—never see heart transplant patients suffering.

CM: What are the problems you face?

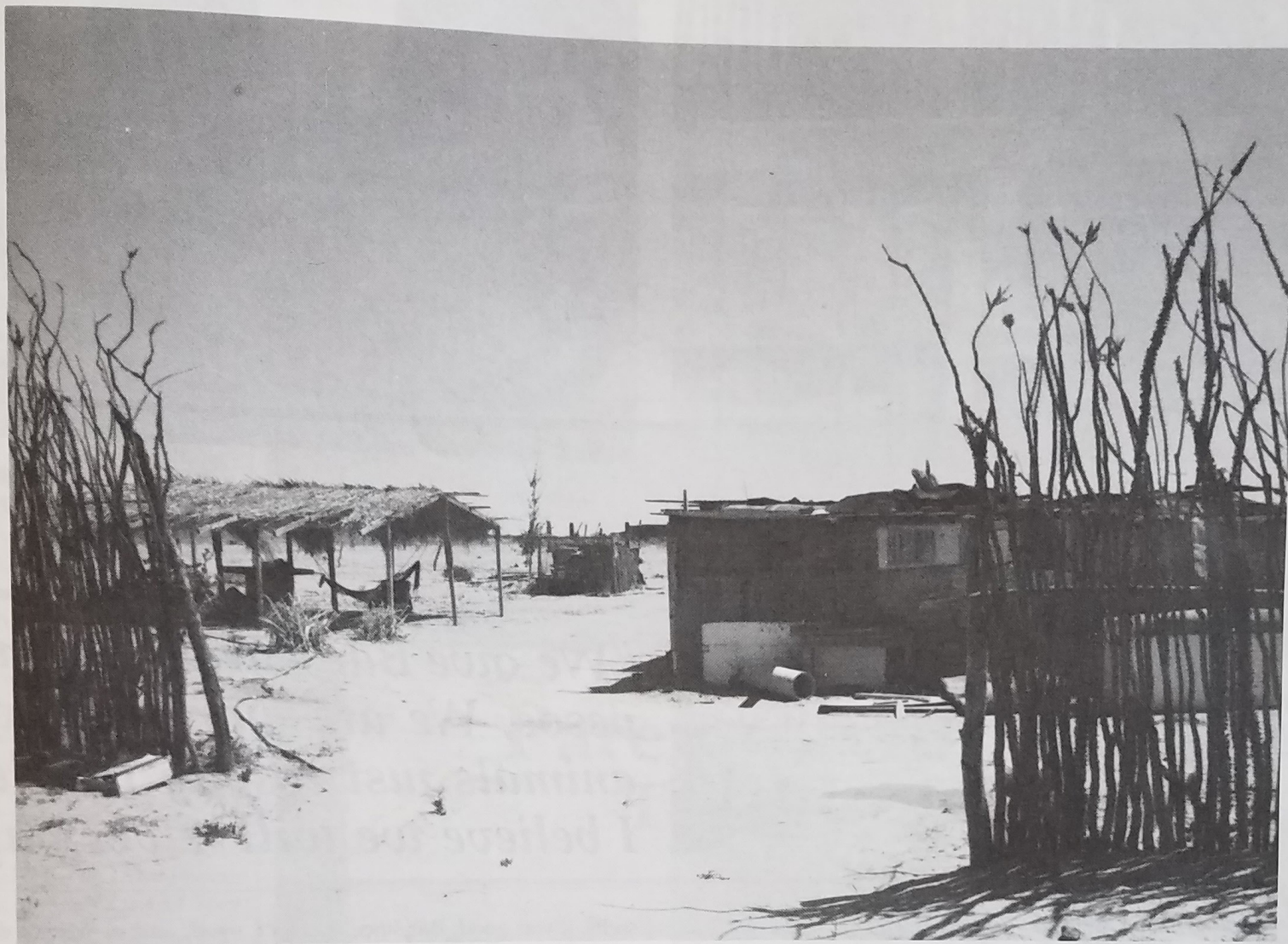
I have to take drugs to avoid rejecting the heart, drugs that depress my immune system and lay me open to infections that other people would not be concerned about. Also there are good days and bad days and we don't know from day to day.

My wife spends a good deal of her time taking care of me. Emotionally she goes through periods, like the patients do, of great terror and a lot of anxiety. There's a significant divorce rate among transplants. My son has pretty bad scars. He was three when it began and it hasn't ended yet. He has had to learn how to live a different kind of life—a kind which no child should be put through. He has to learn to avoid infections and if he gets an infection he has to learn that he's going to be isolated from me in a way that nobody would ever normally isolate a kid. Last week he had a fever and a cold and he spent those days in his bedroom and I kind of stayed in my bedroom and we kept as far from each other as we could.

For a long time I was afraid to attend public gatherings, like a basketball game, because of the risk of infection. I'm still cautious.

CM: Other changes in your life?

My wife and I after the transplant decided that we would live at a higher standard than we would have. We said, well, look, I might not live a very long time so let's spend a little bit more. I have all the hobbies that I ever wanted to have—computers, tropical fish, model trains (something I wanted to do as a kid and couldn't afford). I'm reading every book I ever wanted to read. □



Ejido Ruben Aceves.

When Leopoldo Sanchez gets thirsty, he has to sell a goat. One of nine residents of ejido El Chamizal, thirty kilometers from the Lukeville-Sonoita border town, Leopoldo has to drive the twenty miles for water. To pay for the gas, he sells a goat. "Everything we eat comes from the animals we sell," Leopoldo says one dusty afternoon at the little ramshackle corral in ejido El Chamizal.

Ejidos are land-grant communal villages, products of the Mexican Revolution. Land is held in common, but ejido members (*ejidatarios*) also own private plots and work the land for themselves, planting crops or running their own businesses. It is socialism with private property and room for individual initiative.

For the Mexican *campesino*, the ejido is the most important triumph of the revolution. Hundreds of millions of acres have been distributed to formerly landless farmers since Revolution triumphed in 1917. The problem for the fifteen ejidos on the way to Rocky Point is that while all of them have wells, twelve lack the pump necessary to bring the water to the sur-

face. Though there are new power lines, there is no electricity, and those with diesel pumps cannot afford the gas to run them. So the people live like Leopoldo Sanchez: from a few goats, from gathering firewood, hauling rock.

Ejido El Chamizal was established in 1974. Forty-five *ejidatarios* came from Mexicali, Baja California, but only three remain in El Chamizal. "It is our land," says Sanchez. "Well, we've got the certificate, but nothing else. There is nothing else. The people came here and we do all the work, and then the government says it's all right, and they give us paper. That's all they give you."

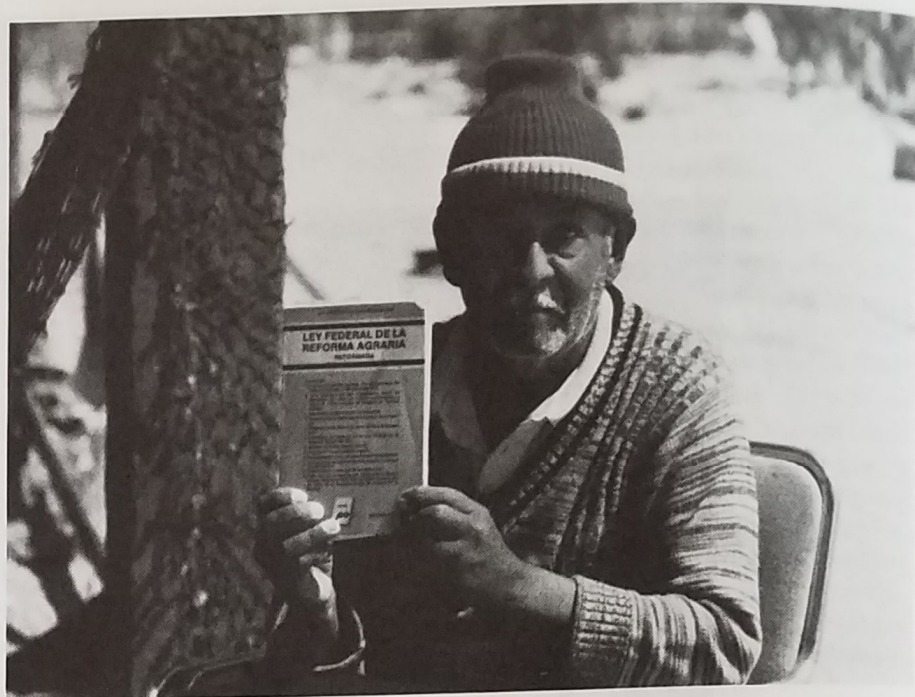
The ejido brought fourteen cows from Mexicali, and now has thirty-two, "but there is no milk, because it has not rained in a while."

We are on an open plain, surrounded by dust and blowing sand. There is one little scrap-wood house, the corral, the thirty-year-old truck in which Leopoldo hauls water, and the animals. The corral is in better shape than the house. Like the other people of the ejidos, Leopoldo lives waiting for water. If he could pump water, he would plant crops, and he could eat

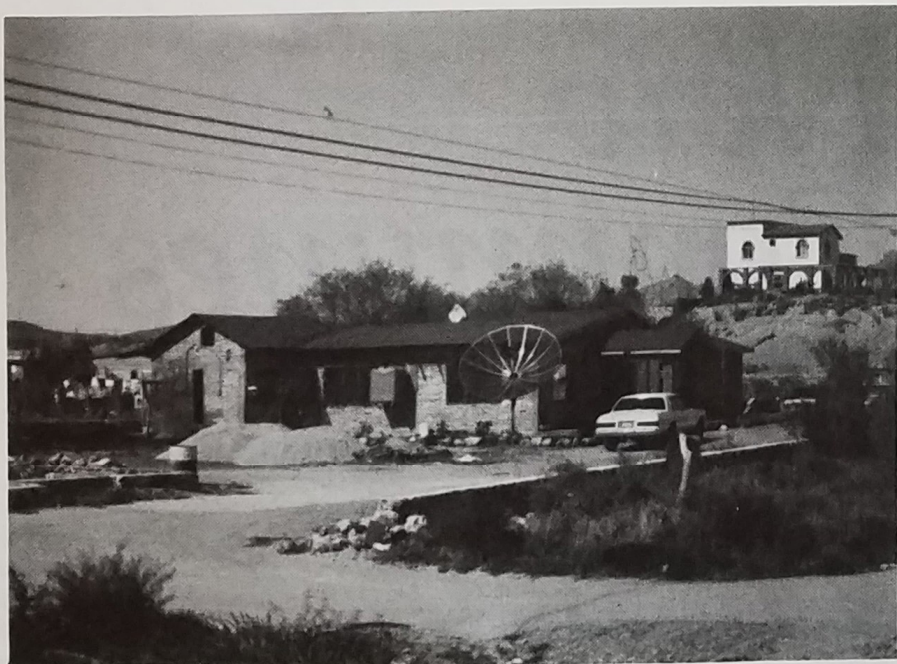
New Communes in the Old West

The farms that line the road to Rocky Point have a few minor problems to be weeded out: no water, no fuel and no electricity.

Written and Photographed by Robert Kahn



Left-top to bottom: Sra. Elisa Soto Enriquez and her pigs; Ejido Dávila; Ejido Hombres Blancos. Above: José Ramirez Ibarra, El Presidente of Ejido las Lagrimas holds a government book on agricultural reforms he calls "The Bible."



corn and beans and feed his animals. But for now he waits, and sells a goat each time he needs to go to town.

"I think the government has a program called FIDEC," he says. "Fideo de Comision...something. If you don't pay, they take everything from you. That's the program."

Fifteen miles to the south lies ejido Puerto Peñasco. Founded by thirty-three *ejidatarios* in 1966, three have

hung on. Juana Carranza has lived at ejido Puerto Peñasco for fifteen years. "My husband died here, plowing the earth," says Juana, her face as worn and weather-beaten as the cracked volcanic rock that is all there is at ejido Puerto Peñasco.

"We live here...waiting. Waiting, no more," says Juana. "Once, we had thirty hectares planted, with diesel for the water. At first, when there were

"We owe BanRural 875 million pesos, We are working like animals just to pay the debt. I believe we will never pay it."

wells, it was good. But since we can't afford the diesel, the past three or four years, it has been bad."

Tomás Espinoza lives at ejido Puerto Peñasco. "Life is hard here, very hard," he says. "Everything here, you have to bring from some place else, including the fat you grease your pan with. Everything you see here was someone's pure sacrifice."

"Engineers came here, looking for oil, sinking wells. 'Ayy,' they told me, 'there is a lot of water here.' But no, the government says there is no water. But there was water when we could afford the diesel."

It takes 1,100 liters of diesel fuel to run one pump to irrigate fifty hectares for twenty-four hours. For sixty dollars, they could irrigate fifty hectares for one day. But sixty dollars is only a dream at ejido Puerto Peñasco.

The people of the ejidos on the way to Rocky Point dream that all that stands between them and prosperity is a water pump. The success of ejido Lopez Mateos indicates they are right.

Take a left 120 meters past the international border, drive four kilometers down a dirt road, and you'll be in ejido Lopez Mateos, estimated population 1,600. Though there is no electricity, no doctor, no social services, neither is there hunger. There is water at thirty-five feet, and many houses are surrounded by shallow canals where water flows freely.

Each *ejidatario* can sow two hectares (five acres) of land for himself or her-

self, and nearly all do. "Here, if you want to sow the land, you can eat," says ejido president (*Comisariado Ejidal*) Fidel Canedo. "There is no hunger for beans here."

There is a two-teacher school where the ejido's children attend six years of obligatory classes. Those who wish to continue go to *secundaria* in Sonora. "It has been a success," declares Canedo. "We have many children who are away studying."

In the first week of April, the ejido had 280 hectares (700 acres) under cultivation. All the *ejidatarios* work fifty hectares of wheat; they represent the village debt.

"We owe BanRural [the government agricultural bank] 875 million pesos," says *jefe de vigilancia* and former ejido president Antonio Gonzales. "We are working like animals just to pay the debt. I believe we will never pay it."

"Here in Mexico, we all live the same," says Canedo. "Everybody works, but there are no benefits. There is no help."

Ejido Lopez Mateos traded the help of the pumps for the debt. The ejidos farther south cannot afford the debt, so they have no pumps.

Sons and daughters of *ejidatarios* become full members (*socios*) at age sixteen, and can then take possession of their two hectares. No one else may join the ejido. Relatives of *ejidatarios* may come live here, but cannot become *socios*.

Thirty-two founding families came here from San Luis Colorado. Not one went back. Now, says Gonzales, there are fifty-three families here. Though the ejido runs to the U.S. border, no one talks of going north. In fact, more gringos came south to visit the ejido than *ejidatarios* go north.

"A lot of gringos come here to talk with the girls," says Canedo reports. "They are all veterans, or sons of veterans. They live in trailers on the other side."

President Canedo defers to *jefe de vigilancia* Gonzales. Gonzales was president before Canedo, and now, besides tending to the security of the ejido, he also watches the president, "to make sure I am doing things correctly," says Canedo.

Canedo just spent sixteen days at Hermosillo, the state capital, arranging for the arrival of the long-awaited electric water pumps. He hopes to have electricity in the village by Christmas. "When the electricity arrives," says Canedo, "there will be no charge for it. This is a favor the government does us."

"Everything we eat is grown here. Beans, corn, squash, chiles. Soon, we will sow fifty hectares of sesame, and cotton. We have gone three or four months now without having to buy any food at all. The people are happy."

Ejido Hombres Blancos, between the international line and the border town of Sonoita, is bigger than Lopez Mateos, and more prosperous. There are satellite dishes and automobiles. People have water in their houses. It is a short walk to a real town, Sonoita, where you can buy cold beer, automobile insurance, and food that comes in plastic bags.

Five kilometers south of Sonoita you see a crumbling basketball court and an unfinished building. "This was a project of ejido Jaime Jerez," says Florentino Hernandez, ship's captain on a shrimp boat at Rocky Point. "It failed because the people did not work. There was no water. They all went to other ejidos." Captain Hernandez agrees to join me on the road.

Between ejido Jaime Jerez and ejido Chamizal there is a dip in the road, and to the east is the one house that is rancho San Jeronimo. Hernandez explains that the people who live on the ranchos are descendants of the *terratenientes*, the great landlords from whom the revolution wrested the lands for the ejidos.

"They live there with one or two families working for them," says the captain, "like before the Revolution. They don't pay rent, they don't pay for water. They are taken care of, but they have to take care of the rancho. They cannot leave the land. The owners don't work. They have their businesses elsewhere."

I ask the captain why this rancho is called San Jeronimo.

"This was an Indian," he answers, "a very astute Indian of a long time

ago. Perhaps you have heard of him. He knew a chief of the Seris.

"Geronimo came with guns for the Seris, but the Seris had no money with which to buy them. So Geronimo told them how to get the money. There was a rich *hacendado* who lived between Guaymas and Hermosillo. His daughter was like a princess. She went to school in Guaymas. Geronimo told the chief of the Seris to steal her as she left school to go home. So they stole her, and held her for ransom, near a place called San Miguel Horcasitas. She fell in love with an Indian while she was captured. And that is how the Seris got the money to buy the guns from Geronimo."

"What happened to the *hacendado's* daughter, and the Indian she fell in love with?" I ask.

"That I couldn't tell you."

"And that happened near here?"

"No, this happened between Guaymas and Hermosillo, as I told you, near a place called San Miguel Horcasitas."

"Then why did they name this rancho San Jeronimo?"

"So people will remember the history of Mexico," says Captain Florentino Hernandez.

We head south on Route 8. At kilometer 46 there is a little stone chapel on the west side of the highway. The only chapel between Sonoita and

Rocky Point, it serves all the people of the ejidos. The chapel has no name. About two years ago, someone from San Diego, California, destroyed and burned all the statues of the saints the people had brought to the chapel.

The gringos left their names, addresses and phone numbers, and a note saying to call San Diego if you want to know why they did this. No one from the ejidos has called San Diego. None of them has a phone.

"This was a senseless act," says Hernandez. "This is the only chapel the people of the ejidos have. So what if you believe in one saint and I believe in another? The people here have nothing else."

Parent & Adolescent, Together Again.



Desert Hills
Serving Children Since 1973

"I dreaded for school to be out last year. My 14-year-old daughter would be home all day. She had a lot of problems at school, but at least some were dealt with there."

I couldn't handle it. We were always fighting. If she wasn't rebelling about rules, she was depressed and brooding. I just knew summer was going to be bad. I had no idea what was wrong or how I could help her.

Then I heard about Desert Hills, where young people like my daughter get help through individual therapy and special education classes during the day. My husband and I were also involved in the therapy program at Desert Hills. It helped us understand what was going on with our daughter. Now we communicate better.

If it weren't for Desert Hills, I don't know what would have happened. I'm glad I didn't have to find out."

If your adolescent is having problems call Desert Hills for assistance at 743-7400.



Water pump at Ejido Lopez Mateos.

The *ejidatarios* hauled rock and paint and cleaning equipment to kilometer 46, and cleaned and rebuilt the little chapel. They erased the graffiti. The chapel is again filling up with saints. People from the ejidos come to worship.

Hernandez says he is glad that gringos come to Rocky Point to buy his shrimp, but he does not understand why anyone would want to burn the chapel.

Sand blows over dry volcanic rock for six kilometers south to ejido Los Norteños. Across the road is ejido Nayarit. Ejido Los Norteños boasts the only store between Sonoita and Rocky Point, a government chain-store, CONASUPO.

Engracia Luevano Ortiz works at the CONASUPO from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. "I get seven percent of the profits," she explains. "Here, let me show you what I made in March." Engracia opens her books and shows commissions of 9,308 pesos (\$9.31) for two weeks in March, 1987. In two weeks in February, she earned 2,052 pesos (\$2.05.) "Do you think that's fair?" she wonders.

"In February, all they sent me was crackers. Pure crackers. With this, I have to support my parents."

In a scrap-wood and tarpaper shack next to CONASUPO lives the village schoolteacher Eva Almeda, eight-and-a-half months pregnant, with her hus-

band and one-year-old daughter. Wealthy by ejido standards, Eva makes 180,000 pesos per month, but the government takes 100,000 for taxes. Her 80,000-peso take-home pay amounts to less than twenty dollars per week. Eva studied for sixteen years to become a teacher. She is twenty-four years old.

"A doctor comes here on Thursday," says Eva, "but we have no place to put him. We take a lot of children to Puerto Peñasco. There are many scorpions here, many rattlesnakes."

Engracia wants her daughter to get an education. "She likes to study, and I want her to learn, so she doesn't have to spend her life breaking her back in the sun, carrying rocks."

Ten miles down the road is ejido Davila. The captain says that this is a big ejido that was founded by twelve brothers. Hernandez has friends there he has not seen in years.

Ejido Davila appears deserted. We drive east down the sandy road and finally find Manuel Reyes Lopez at home in his shack.

There is irrigation equipment at ejido Davila, but no water pump, says Manuel. The people came, they worked, and they were formally given title to the land in 1979.

There are tales told at the ejidos of diesel water pumps that disappeared to the government, with promises of new electric pumps. The *ejidatarios* at

ejido Davila cannot afford gas for the one diesel pump that is left. Only a few people remain.

How do the people live?

Manuel laughs. "From nothing. Gathering firewood. Going away to work."

Farther east down the sandy road, there are overhead irrigation pipes, and a field of newly-sprouted green grass. Beyond the field is an enormous, newly-built corral, the sandy interior swept clean. On the other side of the corral is a tiny black-metal shack with newspaper windows.

In the blackness broken by the dim light, sitting on a chair on the dirt, is Alberto Acedo Romero, eighty-one years old. One of the founders of ejido Davila, Don Alberto insists that Davila is a *colonia*, not an ejido. All the land is owned individually, he says, 1,000 hectares per member.

The irrigation equipment is not in operation, says Don Alberto. "That grass sprang up after a recent rain. It will burn up in a few days."

"At first we did well, sowing alfalfa and wheat. But now everything has stopped, for lack of money for the diesel. We are waiting—for electricity, for motors, for the pumps. We're flattened here."

Don Alberto's six sons are leaders of the *colonia*. "We have ten families, but they are not here now," says Don Alberto. "They are in Puerto Peñasco, for the children. It is impossible to work here. There is no money for the diesel."

We drive east toward ejido Francisco Zarco. Florentino watches the village go by. "I was happy here for two years," he says. "People live here on pure illusions. That's all they live on."

The bad road gets worse for twelve kilometers. It turns into a sandy wasteland, with no sign of recent use. We find a place to turn around. There is one more ejido before Rocky Point.

Ejido Las Lágrimas is a town of poor ghosts. Thirty cactus, cardboard, scrap-wood and scrap-metal houses litter the landscape. An old man digs a hole in front of one of them.

Vicente Marquez Ortiz, seventy-four years old, is *jefe de vigilancia* of ejido Guayabito, twenty-two kilometers away. He is one of the founders.

"I was president of the ejido in 1950," says Don Vicente, "and I had to go to the U.S.A. because my father died there. When I left, the ejido was on the coast. I returned, and it was where it is now. We have existed for over thirty years now, and no one can live there yet."

Don Vicente is working for ejido Las Lágrimas today, building a shed they plan to use as a curio shop. "I fished for twenty-eight years in Puerto Peñasco, until I had my accident," says Don Vicente. "I came here to die, and I've been living here ever since."

On April 6, 1983, Don Vicente

started paperwork for ejido Las Lágrimas. In 1985, the forty-seven *ejidatarios* received provisional title to the land.

"Señor, here we have nothing. I slept in a hole in the ground over there for two years, like a frog. These little shacks are the property of the ejido. We have two cars, property of the ejido. Individuals can have one lot, one hundred meters by forty meters, and if you don't grow poppies or marijuana, you can have what you produce. There are no Saturdays or Sundays here. Everybody works."

"Most of our men are gone now, working the clams," he continues. "Our ejido is 19,000 hectares. It goes all the way to the coast. Our project is to make a trailer park. This year we produced 18 million pesos, selling gravel for the railroad, and all of it was invested. No one received one cent for the work."

"Agricultural specialists from your country have come here. They told me I could produce seventeen different types of fruit on my land. I have my nopales, my grapefruit, orange trees, forty chickens. Thus I survive."

Nine or ten families try to live at ejido Las Lágrimas. "We have had nothing but success here," says Don Vicente. "We have had no problems, because everyone shares, so their children can get ahead."

He notes that forty years ago, three thousand people lived in Puerto Peñasco. "Now there are eighty thousand, and they keep coming; from Nayarit, from Sinaloa, from Guadalajara, from the North. If the water gives out, there goes the town. So they will not permit us to dig for water."

Don Vicente points across the road. "That is ejido San Rafael," he says. "They are cattlemen there, but they have no cattle. Just fences. They work in Puerto Peñasco and come back at night."

"Our ejido is called Las Lágrimas [the tears] because of the suffering of the people here. Most ejidos are named after *caudillos*, so I thought, 'Well, why not Emiliano Zapata?' But no, I thought we should recognize the suffering of the people here."

Sra. Elisa Soto Enriquez is the only other resident at home in Las Lágrimas that day. She has three pigs, seven goats, the beginning of a vegetable garden. Row upon row of Ray-O-Vac batteries line her kitchen window.

"I live here because my son provides for me," she says. "It was always my ambition to have animals, to grow vegetables. I bought my pigs and goats when they were little. I'll sell them when they are big. I have a parrot, parakeets, doves. I am happy here." □

Robert Kahn taught school in Sells for years and has devoted his time to helping the poor.



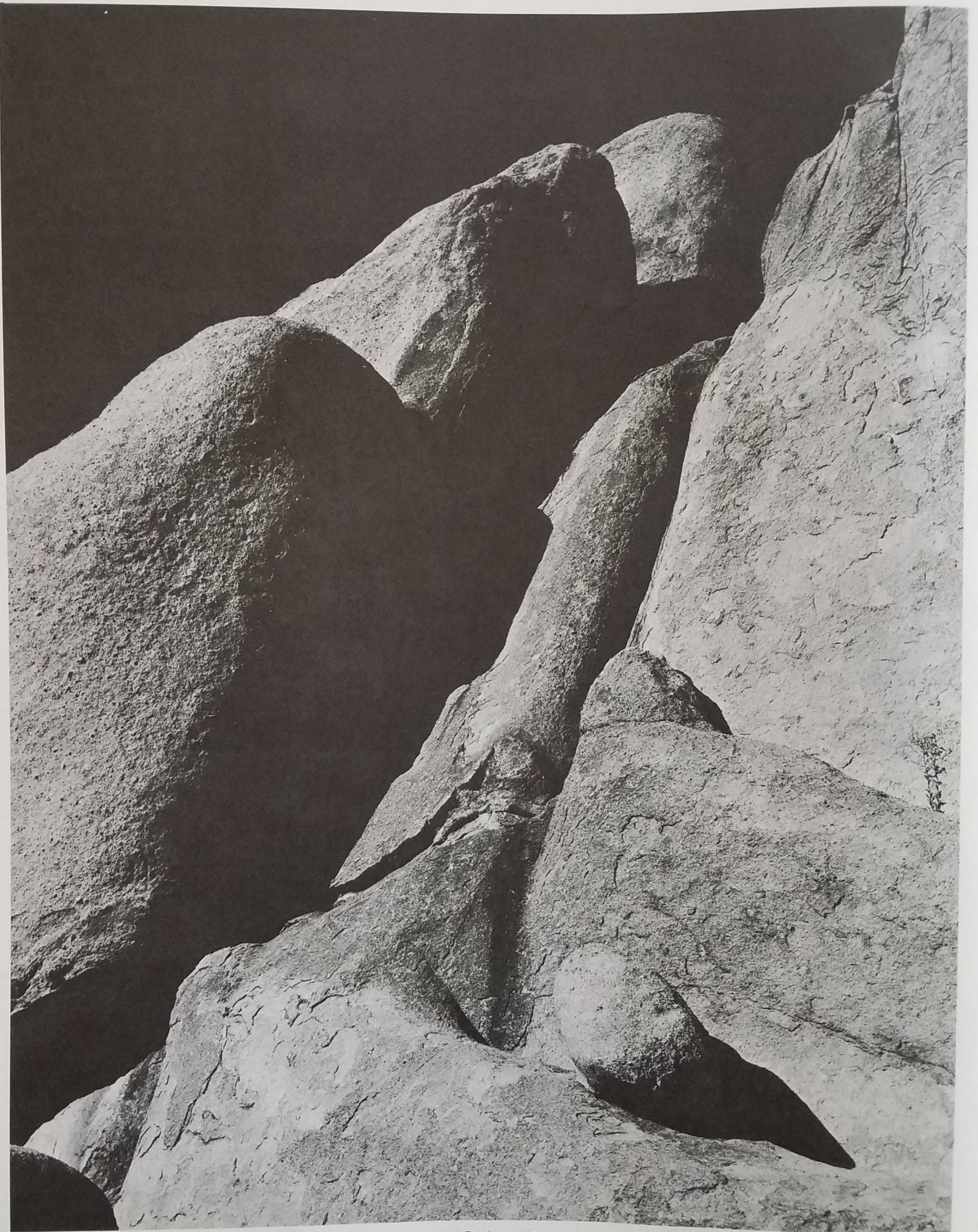
TEXAS CANYON

BY CY LEHRER

Cy Lehrer is a management consultant who has been shooting photographs for thirty years. These Texas Canyon portraits were taken on several trips over two years, and will be part of an exhibit in October and November at the Museum of the Amerind Foundation there. Here is what he says about his new subject:

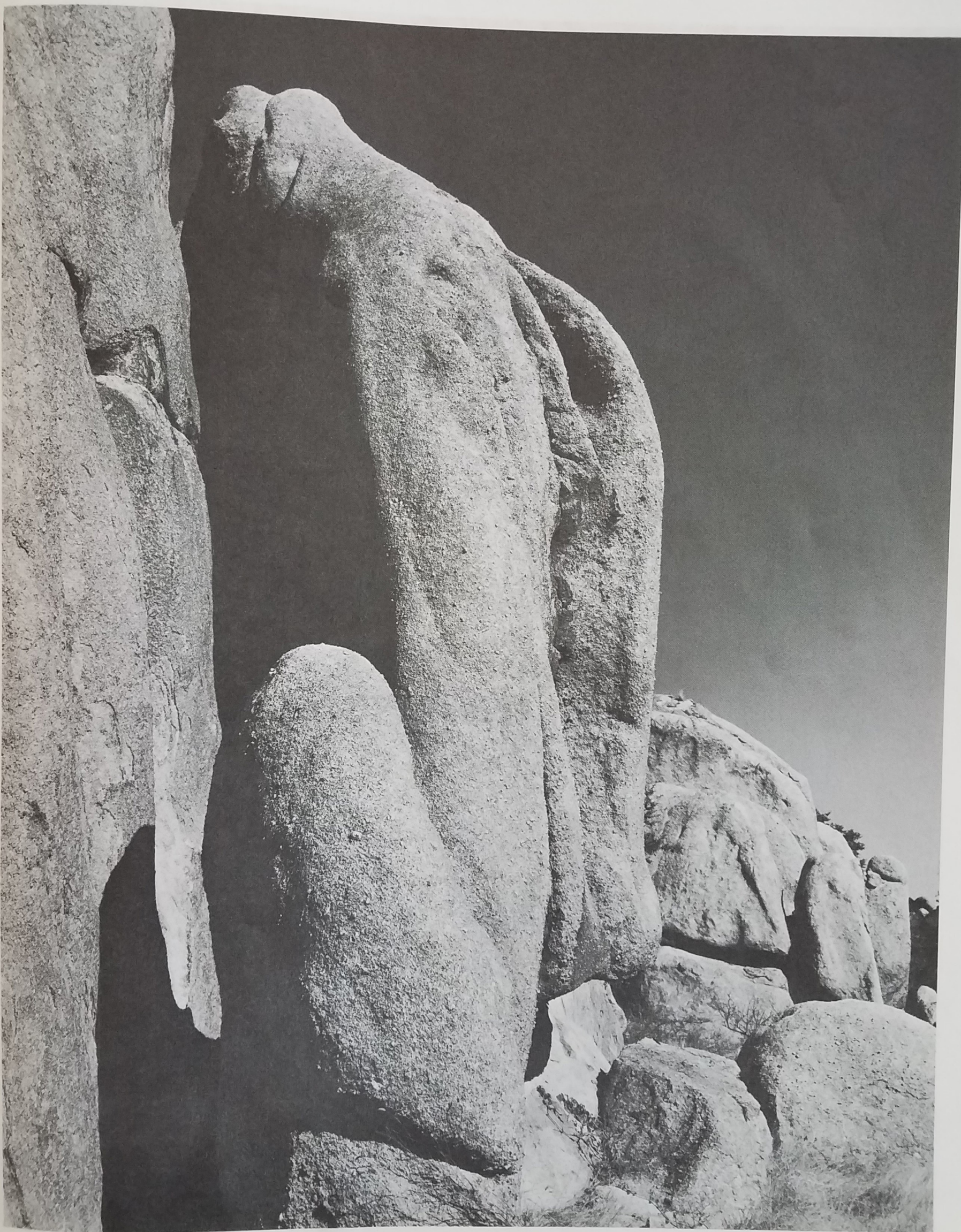
"Texas Canyon, out near Dragoon, is a tirelessly fascinating and strange landscape of soaring rockforms, impossibly balanced boulders, massive cliffs and fragile plant life. Shadows from the day's waning light carve deeply and mysteriously, giving solitude and a sense of those who were here in ancient eras. Barely an hour from town, one can stroll, climb, picnic and savor a world-class museum."

STRAIGHT SHOTS

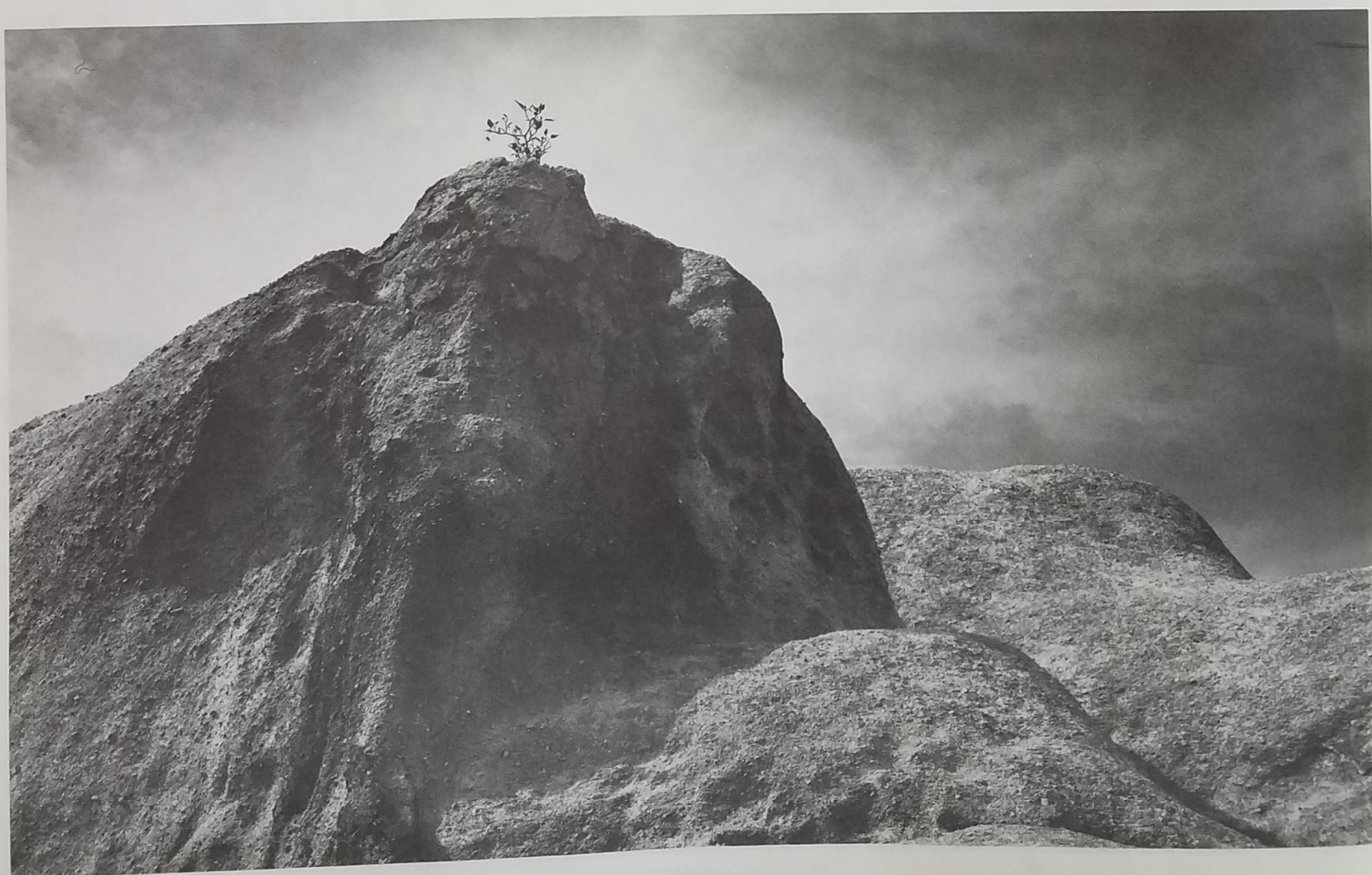
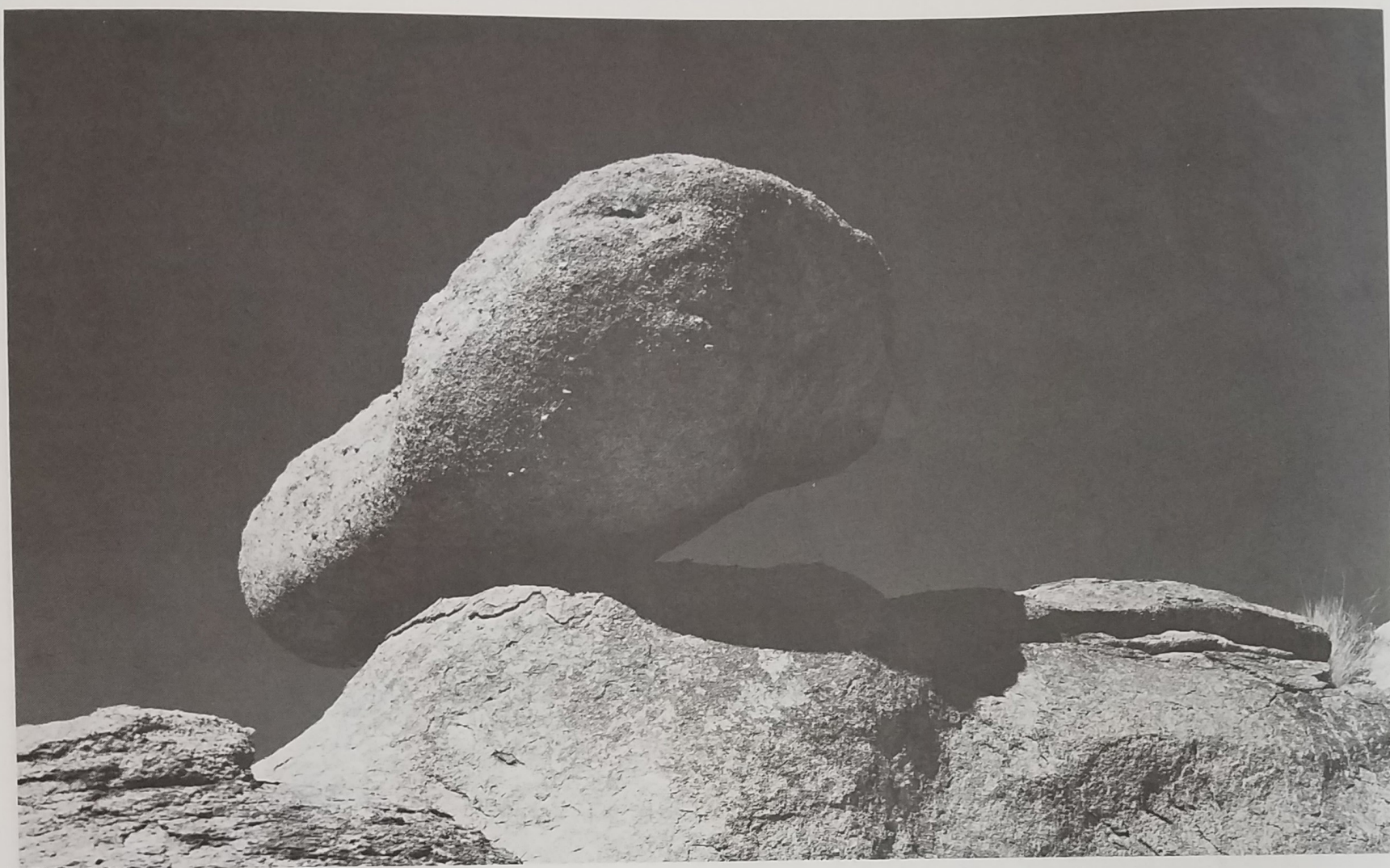


Ascending Peaks and Sphere

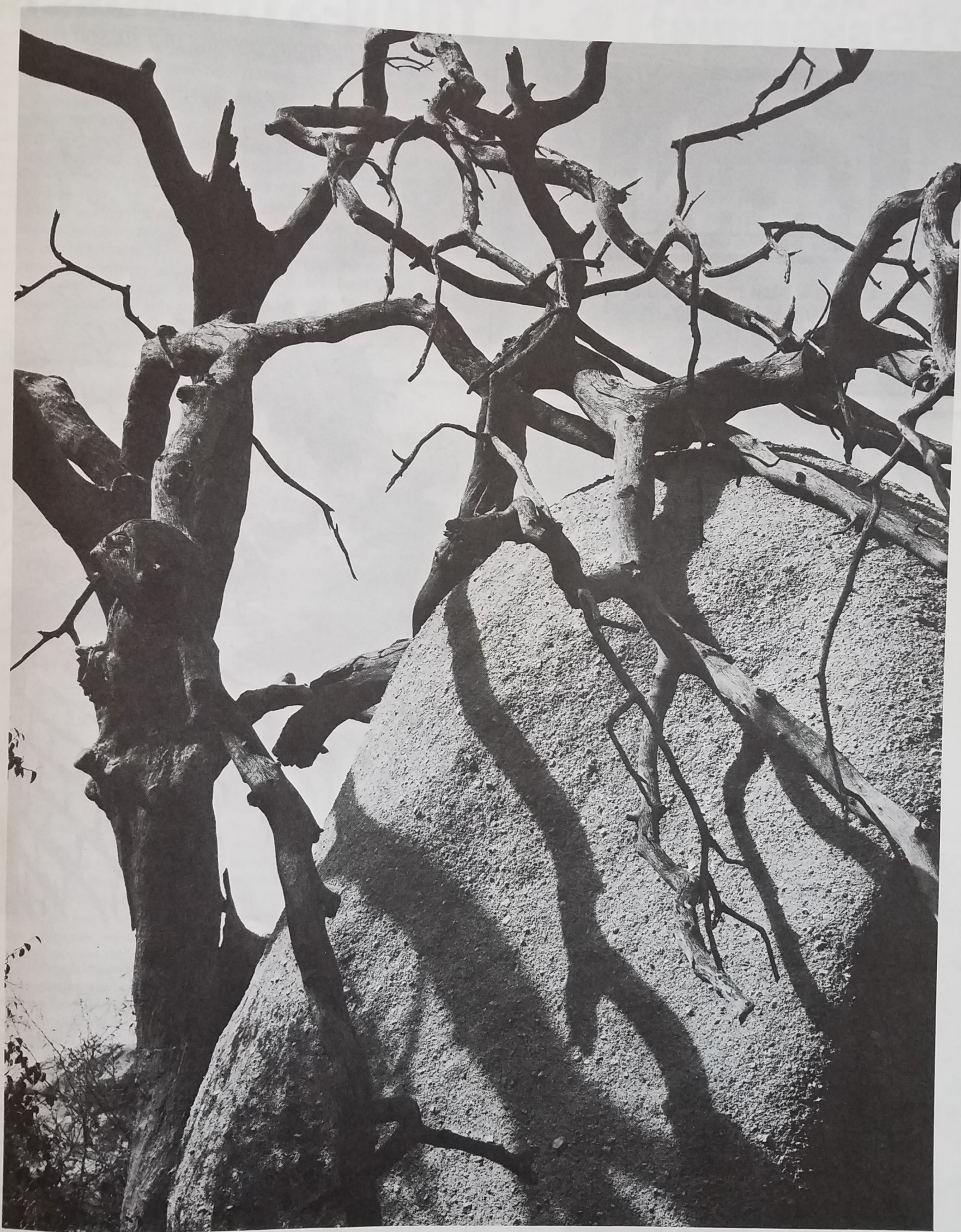
STRAIGHT SHOTS



STRAIGHT SHOTS



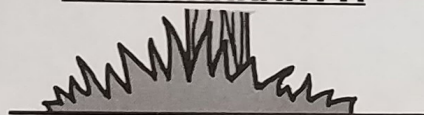
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LOCAL CUSTOM

TOAD-STRANGLERS

Just one of the many benefits of a Tucson summer.

BY JIM GRIFFITH



Here we are in July. We have survived June, and only have a couple more months to go until we have lived through yet another Tucson summer. Whatever you may feel about our summer weather, you will have to admit it's noticeable. It can be coped with, but hardly ignored. A lot of our informal regional culture hinges on weather, especially summer weather.

It all started last month. At some point in June the temperature topped 100 degrees for the first time. (April doesn't count. Never has, never will.) We have a code word for that—the breaking (or melting) of the ice in the Santa Cruz River. (Occasionally this epochal event is celebrated by lengthy

and circumstantial articles in one or more of the daily papers, and I've seen angry letters to the editor denouncing such articles as silly. In my world view, well-placed silliness is essential to survival.)

Then came June 24, *el día de San Juan*—St. John the Baptist's Day. According to traditional Mexican-American belief, this is the day on which the summer rains can safely begin. If it rains on or just after St. John the Baptist's Day, that's a sign that we'll get good rains the rest of the year. However, if it rains before June 24, watch out—the saint is trying to warn us of serious troubles ahead.

The rains themselves are given many names. Fashionable at the mo-

LOCAL CUSTOM

ment is the phrase "monsoon season"—imported from elsewhere in an attempt, I suspect, to validate Tucson by relating it to the outside world. Another occasionally fashionable word is *chubasco*—a Spanish term for cloudburst. But this time of year seems to have been most commonly called locally "the rainy season"—*la temporada de las aguas* in Spanish—and I'll stick with that, thanks. If you need a recondite term with which to baffle outsiders, however, try *equipatas*. That's the word used in this region for the light winter rains. It's found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the world.

The summer storms themselves, with their spectacular electrical displays, intense rainfall and subsequent flash floods, have given rise to some regional terms in English, too. Among

letter to the editors of the *Star* a few years ago, tracing Ms. Doakes' remarkable career during and subsequent to World War II. At about the same time a couple of local crazies (torture me—I'll never tell who) put up a plaque to mark the spot. That historical marker survives, and will probably do so till the day when it falls prey to some sort of Municipal Tidier, or perhaps a crazed dental assistant bent on removing all public displays of plaque.

Some of our hot weather lore is in the past tense—gone are the days when many Tucsonans sent their families off to San Diego for the summer, thus creating a local atmosphere of extramarital intrigue that sounds like something out of Rudyard Kipling's *Simla*. But even though we

And so we have the feller from Southern Arizona who was visiting a soggy clime and got rained on. He fainted from the shock, and his friends had to throw a bucket of sand in his face to revive him.

my favorites are "gully-washer," "toad-strangler" and "old-fashioned turd-floater." Coming back to Spanish, I was told that the floods of 1983 involved *una media culebra de agua* ("a half-serpent of rain"). I'll talk about water and snakes in this country some other time—that's a REALLY old tradition.

Unlike rains elsewhere, our summer storms are welcome. People stand outside in them, enjoying the coolness. Far from being an interruption, they are often a cause for celebration and happiness. And this sense of life-giving rain has worked its way into the local idiom. When Mexican tourists in Tucson are going to get paid for a job, they often say *nos va a llover*—"it's going to rain on us." And if the pay is really lavish, they say *van a caer rayos*—"lightning bolts are going to fall." Not expressions one would expect outside of a desert.

The newspapers have been responsible for some fine localisms as well. One day in 1937, a young reporter fought boredom by submitting the touching story of little Elmira Doakes (daughter of Joseph Doakes of Tucson) who successfully swam across the lake formed during heavy rains under the railroad bridge at Stone Avenue. That body of water immediately became known as "Lake Elmira," and the name is still used. Howard O. Welty, perpetrator of the story, moved to San Diego, from which vantage point he mailed off a

are now helped out by air conditioning in our homes, offices and autos, our summer heat is still something that must be dealt with. I suspect that some of the latent grumpiness towards Winter Visitors that has been so much discussed in recent years is connected to the fact that they don't have to put up with summer, while we do.

But cheer up. Things could be worse. We could be living in Yuma. As one of my friends recently was told by his uncle, there are only five things wrong with that city to our west. My unsuspecting friend asked what they might be. The reply came: May, June, July, August and September. And that brings us to a point that hits me often and forcibly. Many residents of this region belong to *Homo sapiens* (Ever heard of Yuman Beings?), and one of that species' best tricks is to soften the inevitable by making jokes about it. And so we have the feller from Southern Arizona who was visiting a soggy clime and got rained on. He fainted from the shock, and his friends had to throw a bucket of sand in his face to revive him. Or there's the time our dog got caught in a big dust devil. Unfortunately, he had his mouth open at the time it hit him, and the damn thing simply turned him inside out. Doggone. That's all, folks. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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BYRD

DEAR BIRD

Heck, anyone can start a day. But how do we stop it?

BY BYRD BAYLOR



My mailbox is always stuffed with letters from children who read my books. Sometimes they enclose lucky pennies, feathers, samples of good dirt, small rocks, pictures of themselves, moss, spiderwebs and even pencils they want me to use to write new books.

These letters are often signed Your Best Reader, Your Fiend, Your Fiend Forever, Good Luck in the Feature, Your Mane Animal Lover, Me and You Forever, Your Only Pal, Send Books, Good Typeriting Forever and Here's Hoping You Can Amount to Something.

And here are some of the letters:

Dear Arthur,

Everybody has to write to a arthur. You are the arthur I have to write to. Please send a lot of interesting things to put on the bulletin board. If anything interesting ever happened to you, please tell what it was. If nothing happened that is okay just so it is two pages long. Send a lot of stuff right away because I only gots one more week to do my report. I forgot to write before.

Well, goodbye Arthur.

Henry.

P.S. Now I only gots four days so you better hurry.

Dear Bird,

I have made up my mind to come out there to live with you. My mom says I can go in seven years. The only thing is I need a map. If you are busy you can just send it in six and a half years. I can't wait, can you?

Your happy fan,

Estelle

P.S. Keep in touch.

Dear Byrd,

I read that book about secret places. You are the only one I am telling about my place. It is out by Mr. Horn's old place on the other side of where the chickens used to be. Chickens die a lot. I drug five big boards over that way and fixed up the gully with branches and eveything. When I get married I think I'll still live here. If she wont live here I'll get a different lady. I already got a box with food in it. I am already 8 years old.

XOXOXOXO,

Billy

Dear Ms. Baylor,

My dad is writing this for me but I am saying what to say. We read your book, The Way to Start A Day. So now we know how to start a day, but how do we stop it? Please let me know because I want to do it right.

Love,

Kevin

DEAR BYRD

Dear Byrd Baylor,

We studied about the desert and Native Americans and we read two of your books. I have a lot of information. I think I know what arrowheads look like, kind of like Christmas trees. Some have turquoise in them for a picture. Indians put arrowheads on sticks and they turn into spears. Right? The Basketmakers were some of the first to live 2,000 years ago. I have more information.

Good luck in the desert,
Debbie

Dear Byrd Baylor,

This is a complaint which you probably won't like.

It is about your book where the coyote steals that dog puppy and you probably remember how she comes sneaking back to the sheep camp at night to see that puppy one more time. You probably remember how they touch noses. Well I know they ain't never going to see each other again.

Well I don't read a lot of books but I thought they were supposed to be about sports or famous people or at least funny. So I get to reading about this coyote and I think it's pretty good.

Then see its free reading time in our school which means you ain't supposed to do nothing but read for 15 mins. So there I am reading that book which I thought was pretty good and I come to that real sad part and before I know it there's tears coming out of my eyes and I'm wiping my nose like a pure fool.

I'm a real tough guy and I get a lot of respect for that and here I am sniffing. It was about the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me except maybe one other thing, so in free reading time you're not supposed to even go to the bathroom, you're just supposed to read but I jump up and get out of there and put water on my face and just hang out for awhile by myself. Boy, was I mad at you. You ought to think of things like that before you go putting sad parts in books.

I told my friend Jarvis to read that book and tell me how it ends up and he might because he has a lot of respect for me but you can write and tell me the ending if you want to. If you ever write a book that's funny or about sports let me know. Also please write back as soon as you can because I can't get that stupid coyote off of my mind. Maybe what you wrote was real and you couldn't help yourself just trying to tell the truth. That's the only reason I can think of why

anybody would write a book like that.

Will J.

Dear Byrd Baylor,

I have your book, *One Small Blue Bead*, about that brave boy back in prehistoric times living in that cave and wondering if there were other tribes out in the wilderness somewhere. That book really seems close to me. I've read it seven times already. The reason I like it so much is that I'm a lot like that boy myself, only I live in an apartment and I'm fatter and Jewish.

Louis

Dear Byrd,

My Aunt Helen heard you talk at the university. She told us you said walking around on cement too much will make you crazy. It is better to walk on dirt. I didn't know people could say that at the university. Do you have scientific proof? Lately I've tried walking off the cement and I feel real good. Please say something private to me about this.

Your fellow walker in the dirt,
Elizabeth

Dear Ms. Baylor,

We are GEM students studying the qualities of leadership and success. How do you feel you demonstrate leadership, scholarship, courage, attention to detail and task commitment? What are your physical attributes?

(Signed by five sixth-grade girls)

I'm trying to answer that one right now. I hate to disappoint them, but I'm not much in any of those departments and I may not even have enough task commitment to finish the letter....

Byrd Baylor is the author of several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes is Better than No*.

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CONVERSATION WITH THE FUTURE

Phoenix, just a stone's throw away.

It was pretty with the backdrop of the mountains. You can go down the street in Phoenix and see the same land but you don't have the mountains.

—Ed Robson

The wind blows hard across the rolling hills and I stop my truck by a backhoe. I think back decades to the javelina in the bosque, the buck and his harem at dawn, the snakes on the cliff.

The coat is tweed, the tie a subdued red, the watch gold, the hair silver and the man says that Tucson will probably have between three and five million people. Ed Robson flew as a Marine pilot, was on the U.S. Hockey Team and is deep into his third planned community, SaddleBrooke, on a patch of desert just north of Catalina, Arizona. He is a Phoenix developer and a very pleasant, intelligent and friendly man.

Out the trailer window, the construction site bustles with energy, big Cats blading the cholla, mesquite, palo verde and prickly pear, back hoes trenching, giant trucks hauling soil, highway crews laying down asphalt. The ground has been dozed bare and will be covered with a golf course, fine homes, and eventually three or four thousand people. This will be an adult community with everyone over forty, the view of the nearby Catalinas spectacular, the way of life leisure, sport and courtesy. The houses will go for from \$70,000 to \$150,000 a throw.

Don't call me a developer, Robson cautions. "Developer seems to be a dirty word now—use home-builder."

The sun stops at midday and I sit in the heat under a mesquite cradling my .303 Enfield. The air flutters like a sheet of cellophane blazing with light. A javelina drifts through the brush. I squeeze the trigger. Decades later, SaddleBrooke will rise on the site of this death.

He is a major player. His Sun Lakes near Chandler holds eight thousand people and before that there was Pinewood Country Club in Pinewood, Arizona, and after SaddleBrooke there will be SaddleCreek down near Sahuarita where he is a partner with E. C. Garcia & Company.

Ed Robson has the quiet confidence of knowing what the future holds and being certain he is part of

that future. Between San Manuel on the San Pedro River and Marana on I-10, major players have bought big blocks of land and they will plop down whole communities. These large developers will build a new Tucson, one that the current city probably cannot control or plan, one that Pima County will probably be equally helpless to deal with—Robson himself has planted SaddleBrooke just over the line in Pinal where the tax-hungry citizens are kinder to his ideas. The new developers moving into the Tucson area

picks land with an ample supply.

He speaks in a soft voice spiked now and then by bursts of his Boston accent. He is very relaxed. Opinions tumble out of him almost wearily—environmentalists are necessary watchdogs but sometimes they go too far; construction is the floor under the state's economy; growth feeds car dealers, the service industry, and, with a little twinkle in his eyes, magazines. Outside the trailer, the machines continue lumbering and the air shakes with the sound of engines. White lines on the earth guide the

**But as for wildlife,
you can't sell coyotes**

are national in roots and habits, and yet rootless in their loyalties. The past is hometown boys building subdivisions. The future is the big bucks building communities. The new namplates, the Charles Keatings, the Del Webbs, are big players and what they play with is money.

"How do you know how large a place can get?" Robson continues. "Southern California didn't want to grow to fourteen million people—more retirees are coming onto the market and with the great climate, Tucson could go to three or five million without too much difficulty. I think orderly growth is important."

What is orderly growth?

The words stall, Robson sits silent and softly taps the fingers of his hands together. The clock ticks away. Finally, he offers, "I guess from a homebuilder's viewpoint, it would be the same number of starts as they did the year before."

Of course there are problems.

The state's groundwater law that demands that developments prove a hundred year supply of water is one. He thinks there is no real water problem, that the claims of any shortage are basically bunk.

"Water in Arizona is the key," Robson says. "The current management of water is an overreaction." But the water law is a fact of life, he continues, and it will not be repealed. The wise real estate player

steel teeth. Down along the Cañada del Oro an embankment will be built to stave off high water; the current growth will be whacked down and replaced with big trees, perfect trees. We are sitting in the midst of havoc and yet across the table Ed Robson is the principle of order. When the work ends it will all be according to plan. I am visiting a formula and this formula has worked many times already.

Wildlife present on the property? He looks surprised and waves his hand toward the men working outside and says they tell him of sighting deer, wild pigs and such things, "but I don't see them." Such animals, he notes, are not really an asset for the developer.

What matters, he explains, are "good amenities" like the view of the Catalinas, the golf course, the fine weather. And of course "a good price." But as for wildlife, he smiles and says you can't sell coyotes.

We arrive in a first light, carry our army surplus tent, our grub box, guns, sleeping bags, knives and all the necessities of fifteen-year-olds on a deer hunt. We are a mile or so east of where SaddleBrooke will rise in twenty-five years. The does break from cover and scurry up the hill and then after minutes of waiting the buck slinks out and slips over the rise. Later that day I follow the tracks with a lust for killing in

my heart. On the way back to camp I find a lion's tracks in mine. The cat has followed me for hours.

The talk continues in an idle, friendly fashion. We are chatting in the midst of millions of dollars in motion—between the land and improvements about twenty million has been spent to date and when the community is built and sold to homeowners perhaps a quarter of a billion dollars will come to rest on this thousand-acre patch. Great care will be taken to make it attractive, desert landscaping will be kept in many areas, and always the huge view of the mountains will be protected from maiming by federal ownership.

In a sense, Robson is bored with the whole debate about growth. If no-growthers win, he explains, "they'll stop growth like in Oregon and everything will come to a screeching halt." And he is tired of sniping from environmentalists ("we are cognizant of beauty").

"Sure, we're profit motivated," he continues, "if we can get the yield out of ground. But we are sensitive to the environment—you have to give back or you won't have a product that will sell."

But where he really comes alive is when he talks about the future of Tucson. Last year there were 34,000 housing starts in Phoenix and about 8,000 in Tucson.

"The people here," he says, "don't really understand the growth to come. Phoenix is going to be driven here by land prices." In Phoenix, land goes for between \$40,000 and \$80,000 an acre, while Tucson area land sells for between \$10,000 and \$25,000. He looks up as if to ask, How do you think you avoid growth in the face of such numbers? An image floats across the table of thousands of home-hungry Phoenixians loading up the station wagon and roaring south on I-10.

"This is virgin territory," he says.

The sun stands at noon and we climb a sheer dirt wall out of the wash, hand over hand. We are a mile or so north of where SaddleBrooke will rise in a few decades. I pull myself up to a ledge and hear a buzzing. Six rattlesnakes relax in the sun inches from my face. I step backward and fall down into the wash. Later we return with guns. We will not be put off. We are sixteen. This is our land, and we will do with it as we wish.

BOOKS

CANYON CARESS

A love affair with a landscape.

BY MARJORIE DUFFIELD



How does one make love with a landscape?

In *Canyon Sketchbook*, composed by artist Carol Brown, we learn what it is to hold a region dear, embrace it, and re-present it in our own eyes, with our own image, just as we do with a lover. Throughout the book Brown, fifteen years a Tucson resident who exhibits in New York, weaves patches of desert text and image to create a story of the Southwest that concerns all of us who feel this vast expanse in our skins.

Sketchbook contains twenty-six vivid color reproductions of Brown's two-by-four-inch renderings—of a quality that might tempt the reader to liberate them from their binding and display them on the walls. Her accompanying narration unearths the pulse of this landscape and the artist herself, and depicts their intertwinement:

I go back to my drawings after I leave the site, paring them down with erasers and building them up with layers of colored pencil until I feel they show what moved me.

Brown's drawings are laden with the lyricism of this land. She has traveled to the most remote areas of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah to capture such scenes as "Fiery Furnace, Arches, Utah—28 May 1986, 8 p.m." and "Impending Storm, at Tsegi Canyon, Betatakin, Arizona—24 September 1986, 5:30 p.m." Her renderings are akin to photographs in that they capture their subjects in a frozen moment—just before a summer monsoon floods the desert floor and turns it into a series of washes and high places, for example, or the precise instant when the setting sun caresses the mountains, casting its rich warm pink/gold glow before sinking below the horizon.

Amidst the adoration of this land can be heard Brown's voice of protest:

In my lifetime earthmoving equipment bigger than dinosaurs has gouged vast basins in the earth for strip mines. Concrete is spreading, along with the pink-grey blanket of air pollution that dulls the sun around cities and powerplants. Everything is changing, as usual . . .

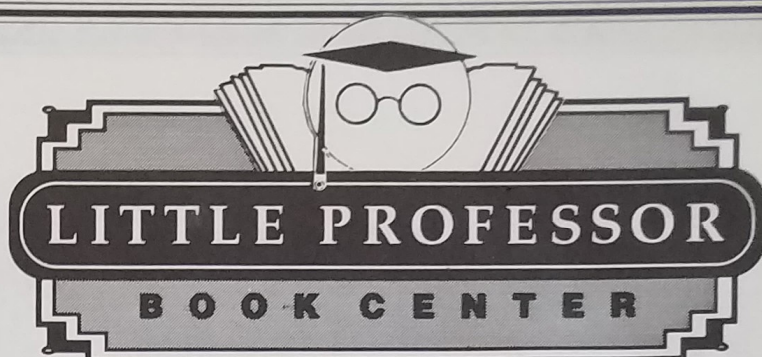
Our lover is maimed, scarred by those who do not see that its ancient face is far more spectacular than the riches that lay beneath. Yet the destroyers persist, tearing at the surface, altering the complexion, misforming the shape of desert irreparably, seducing/using/throwing away.

Sketchbook endures as a testament of true love. With this arid lover we must be filled, overwhelmed. We can write about it, draw it, photograph it. But we must recognize our place within it, our limitations, our human tendency to alter and destroy what we love. Most importantly, we must learn that in order to make love with it again and again, we must leave it alone.

At sunset I often sit alone on a canyon rim. I hear coyotes sing to each other then. My voice would be an intrusion, so I draw.

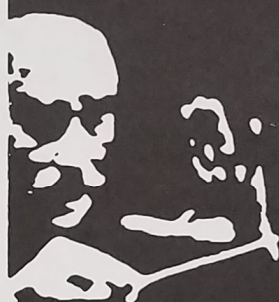
Canyon Sketchbook was designed by Tucsonan Nancy Solomon and co-published by Carol Brown and the Witkin Gallery in New York, where the drawings were exhibited in March. It is available at the Tom Bahti Shop, the Book Mark, the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum and the Haunted Bookshop. Cost of the book is fifteen dollars. □

Marjorie Duffield is a playwright living in Tucson. Her family has been here since 1896.



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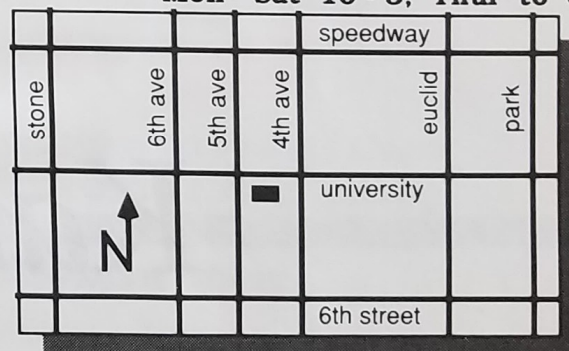
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Hal Gould

Karen Radcliffe

Karen Radcliffe, 34, spends eight hours a day working in a manufacturing plant and three to four hours a day taking care of injured and homeless wild animals. She is one of a handful of people in the Tucson area licensed by the state for this work. She receives no payment for her efforts and must pay for the food and veterinary bills of her charges. She lives on the northwest side of Tucson.

I was raised here in Tucson out in the desert. I've dealt with wild animals all my life.

I get up at 4:30 or 5 a.m.—it takes me a good hour to go down and feed the animals and to do the doctoring

and cleaning. I work in the paint shop of a sheet metal manufacturer. I do manual labor. It's hard work, eight hours a day. Then I come home and work another two or three hours with the animals—it's normally at least dark before I get in the door.

I spend about \$200 a month for food and medicine. That comes out of my own pocket—I don't get any funding from Arizona Game and Fish. To build the pens we've got is probably close to \$3,000 in materials.

Why do I do this? Because I can't turn away an injured animal. Could you? If somebody handed you a baby that was hungry, could you just put it down and leave it there? If somebody came to your door with it, could you

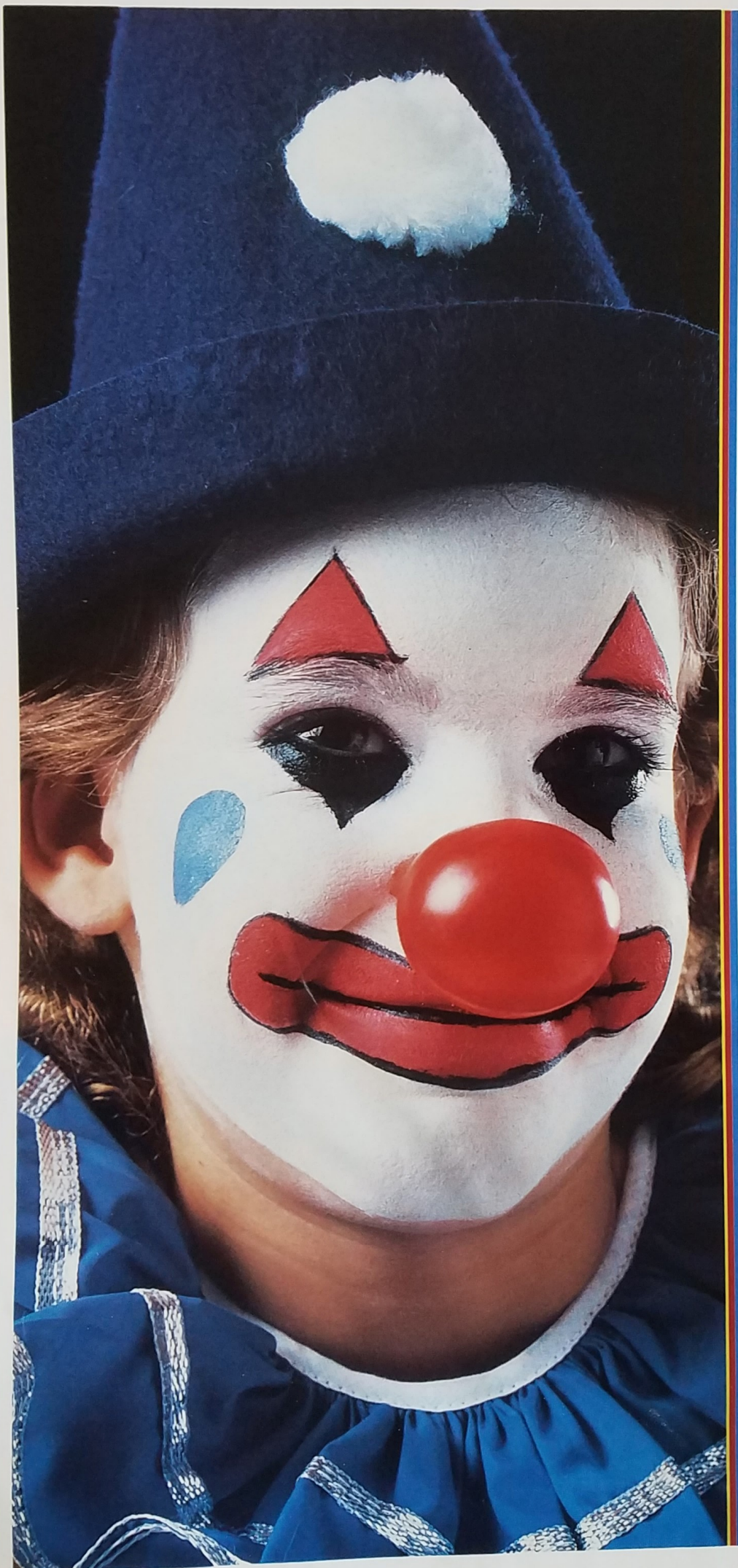
just close the door on it? The satisfaction is in the release, in letting them go. When I do that, I feel a lot of pressure lifted off me. I feel satisfied to see that animal back where it belongs. It doesn't belong behind a cage door. When you put it back in its natural habitat and you see the reaction of its own natural behavior, that is satisfaction.

I have had javelina, foxes, porcupines, all your different hawks and owls, raccoons, deer, coyotes, ring tail cats, coatimundis, bobcats. I have been getting a lot more animals due to the construction that's happening around Tucson. I foresee even more next year and the year after. Think about it. There's so much enjoyment in just

looking out your kitchen window and seeing something fly by, or seeing a little squirrel just jump up out of the top of a hill. The animals are being pushed out, they're being pushed into territories that aren't theirs. And then the animals fight for territory, fight for food.

I do get calls. I had a porcupine right in the middle of town. I get raccoons that go into town. We had a bobcat that ran round La Paloma.

A lot of people just don't have the patience and don't want to spend the time and the money taking care of wild animals. I don't have any other sport. This is it. This is what I have always done and what I do always, from here on. □



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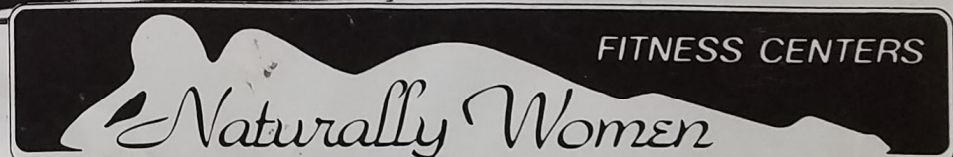
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